



THE



# LEISURE HOUR

APRIL, 1882.

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1 S	☉ rises 5.38 A.M.	9 S	EASTER DAY	17 M	New ☉ 9.38 P.M.	25 T	☾ 1 Quar. 6.55 A.M.
2 S	PALM SUNDAY	10 M	Bk. & Gen. Holiday	18 T	☉ rises 5.1 A.M.	26 W	☉ rises 4.44 A.M.
3 M	Full ☉ 5.47 P.M.	11 T	☾ 3 Quar. 6.30 A.M.	19 W	Venus near Saturn	27 T	☉ greatest dis. fr. ☉
4 T	Venus sets 7.35 P.M.	12 W	☉ rises 5.14 A.M.	20 T	Saturn sets 10 P.M.	28 T	Clock af. ☉ 5m. 38s.
5 W	☉ Clk. bef. ☉ 2m. 42s.	13 T	Daybreak 3.2 A.M.	21 F	Twil. ends 9.00 P.M.	29 S	Ven. sets 8.50 P.M.
6 T	Jupiter an ev. star	14 F	☉ sets 6.53 P.M.	22 S	Regulus S. 8 P.M.	30 S	3 S. AFT. EASTER
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### THE FIRST PASSOVER.

"And thus shall ye eat it; with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand; and ye shall eat it in haste: it is the Lord's Passover. For I will pass through the land of Egypt this night, and will smite all the firstborn."—*Exodus xii. 11, 12.*

"And thus shall ye eat it; with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand; and ye shall eat it in haste: it is the Lord's Passover. For I will pass through the land of Egypt this night, and will smite all the firstborn."—Exodus xii. 11, 12.

## The Winter is Past.



LOOK up, oh sorrowful eyes,  
That wept through a weary night,  
Hope smiles in the brightening skies,  
And joy in the morning light.  
Would ye conquer the tyrant care,  
And banish her doleful train?

Let nature with promise fair  
Speak peace to the heart again.  
Ah! tears may have fallen fast  
O'er faces furrowed and wan,  
But, lo! the winter is past,  
The rain is over and gone.

While deep in the forest thrills  
 The pulse of a fuller life,  
 Far out on the breezy hills  
 Sweet murmur and song are rife.  
 It is well if we likewise learn  
 To join in the hymn of praise,  
 And well if we trusting turn  
 Our thought to the brighter days.  
 Through clouds that were broadly cast  
 The covenant bow has shone,  
 And, lo! the winter is past,  
 The rain is over and gone.

And even in dismal homes  
 That streets of the city gird,  
 A breath of the country comes,  
 An echo of spring is heard.  
 In the flower-girl's basket lie  
 Pale blossoms from field and dell,  
 And many who hasten by  
 Will smile at the tale they tell,  
 Rejoicing that earth at last  
 Her raiment of light puts on,  
 For, lo! the winter is past,  
 The rain is over and gone.

SYDNEY GREY.

### BY HOOK OR BY CROOK.

BY THE REV. T. S. MILLINGTON, AUTHOR OF "NINE-TENTHS OF THE LAW," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—"THINK IT WELL OVER."

"Reason and love keep little company together now-a-days."

—Shakespeare.

THE thought of Philo Spicer travelling home with Cara De Wilde and dining at Clover Lodge rankled in Bernard's mind all the evening. It took away his appetite—as much of it at least as the sandwiches had left—and caused his fond mother not a little anxiety, for she always thought that if he failed to eat heartily he must be ill. She persuaded him, without much difficulty, to drink an extra glass or two of wine, but that, instead of making him any better, only rendered him more fierce and indignant. He gave vent to his feelings against Mr. Cramp in strong terms, the real object of his wrath being, of course, his rival, whom he professed to regard as beneath his notice, and whose name he would not condescend to mention. He had a commission to perform for Mr. Cramp which he knew would be grateful to Cara; and though he felt angry with her also, for Mr. Spicer's sake, he resolved to call at Clover Lodge the next morning, and to prove what would be the effect of his communication.

At breakfast-time Mr. Tyrrell took his son seriously to task for speaking in disrespectful terms of Mr. Cramp.

"He meant to be very kind to you, Bernard," he said. "It shows that you are in high favour. I never knew him lend any one a coat or a hat before."

"I never knew any one who would borrow such things from him," Bernard answered. "There is not a beggar in all London who would wear them. He did it on purpose to mortify me."

"To prove you, perhaps, whether you were of frugal mind or not. I hope you did not let him see that you were annoyed."

"I submitted. If that did not satisfy him I do

not know what would. How am I to get the things back to his—den?"

"You must take them yourself. The coat must be repaired, and you can carry it over your arm. The hat you must wear; you will have to exchange it for the one you left there."

"I cannot wear it again. I shall pack the things off by Parcels Delivery Company."

"That will not do; you would offend him. You must not run the risk of that. Whatever happens we must keep in with Mr. Cramp."

"I cannot go on eating dirt to please him, nor even sandwiches."

"Nonsense, Bernard! You know the importance of being in his good books, or ought to know it."

Bernard was silent. His father gloomy and morose.

"It is all very well for you, father," the young man said, after a few minutes. "You can do as you please with him."

"You are mistaken," was the answer. "I have a great deal to manage and to bear. If you were a little more attentive to business than you are you would have found out before now that I have grave causes for anxiety."

"Well, of course I know that," the young man answered; "at least I know what you told me, and am awfully cut up about it. You don't mean that anything in particular has gone wrong, though, I hope?" he added, struck by his father's hesitating and nervous manner.

"So far wrong, that unless Mr. Cramp does something for us, Bernard, sooner or later, we may be in great straits. I have had some awkward calls upon me lately. We are living at great ex-



pense, too, and cannot draw in without exciting suspicions and making matters worse. It is necessary to keep up appearances, otherwise I should feel obliged to follow your Uncle Hale's example and sell up."

"You don't mean that? What, sell this house?"

"That would not help me much, unfortunately; it is already mortgaged."

Bernard had heard of this, but had not before thought seriously of what it implied; he had fancied the mortgage could be paid off at any time.

"I remind you of the fact," Mr. Tyrrell went on, "that you may see how important, how *necessary* it is that we should keep in with Mr. Cramp. He thinks I am prospering; everybody thinks so. He has a great opinion of my cleverness. He tells me I am no fool. If he were to learn that I have lost money, and that I am spending more than I can afford, and getting daily poorer instead of richer, he would change his opinion of me, and there would be an end of our expectations from him. No; I cannot draw in now. I cannot give up this house, which is eating up my substance. I cannot even economise. If I were to do so I should lose caste and credit. I must go on spending money, though I am worn out with anxiety, trusting to the future, and waiting."

"Waiting for dead men's shoes," said Bernard, in a matter-of-fact way.

His father did not contradict him.

"So Cramp has really bought Hale's house?" Mr. Tyrrell said presently.

"So he says."

"And he means to make a tavern of it?"

"Something of the kind. Unless he can sell it again at a good profit."

"And you think De Wilde will buy it?"

"Mr. Cramp wishes me to sound him on that point, or rather to speak to Mrs. De Wilde and her daughter."

"Have you seen your Cousin Agatha lately?"

"I saw her yesterday."

"What does Mr. Cramp think about *that*?"

"I have not asked him."

"It would be well for you to know his opinion, however."

"It would make no difference to me."

"It would in all probability make a very great difference to you, as you would find to your cost. If you should compromise yourself—"

"How do you mean?"

"By making a bad match—in a worldly sense, I mean, what he would call a bad match—you would get out of his good books at once."

"Are we to sacrifice everything for the sake of Mr. Cramp and his good books?"

"We may sacrifice something for the sake of what he has to leave. Do you think Agatha really cares for you, after all these changes?"

"There are changes on both sides," he answered.

"Exactly so," said his father. "You would not have ceased to care for her on account of her father's reverses, but—"

"Do you think she would cease to care for

me on hearing that my father is equally unfortunate?"

"No; I would not hint at such a thing. But Agatha is a sensible girl."

"That is true," said Bernard, heartily. He had sometimes wished that Agatha had been a little less sensible, or, at any rate, less practical in her views.

"She would perhaps think, if she knew that you and she were both poor alike, that marriage would be imprudent."

"I had better tell her how it is with us."

"Certainly not. It would be the ruin of me at once if such a rumour were to get abroad."

"If there is to be anything between us, she must know our real position. I will not take advantage of her ignorance."

"No; that would be dishonourable."

"What would you have me do then?"

"Be guided by circumstances."

"I don't quite see my way."

"Well; let us look at the facts. You and Agatha used to be fond of each other. But you are not compromised; you are not engaged?"

"Not exactly; we should have been if—"

"But you are not?"

"No."

"Meantime Hale, dear good creature, by his unbounded liberality and—and—misfortune—finds himself, from being a rich man, reduced almost to poverty; and by that circumstance loses all hope of Cramp's heir."

"I do not think he ever entertained such a hope."

"Perhaps not. But now he has no chance. Then, on the other hand, you, who are supposed to have good prospects, are in point of fact a beggar."

"You put it strongly, father," said Bernard, very much taken aback. "I hope it is not quite so bad as that."

"Not quite I trust," said his father; "but let us be practical. That is what it would come to if you were to marry Agatha Hale; for then Mr. Cramp would certainly cut you off without a shilling."

"I begin to hate the very name of Cramp," said Bernard.

"You may learn to like it some day if you are prudent. It would not sound bad, joined to your own—Cramp-Tyrrell. But to proceed. You would be doing a great injury to Agatha—I say to Agatha—if you were to continue your attentions to her under these circumstances. I dare say she could make a better match."

Bernard shook his head impatiently.

"And you could do the same. De Wilde is a rich man, and Cara is his only child. Mr. Cramp could find no fault with such an alliance as that."

"Cramp again!"

"Well, well; think of what I have said, Bernard. I am only considering what will be best for you, and for me, and for all of us. You would not like to throw away a fortune—two fortunes. To put the matter plainly (Bernard thought his father had done that already)—to put the matter plainly, if you were just now to compromise yourself with

Agatha, dear good girl as she is, and nice-looking too some people think, it would be a calamity for both of you, a real calamity; and by-and-by you would reproach each other for it."

"No, never."

"Ah, well; you would reproach yourselves for it, at any rate, all your lives. I will say nothing of myself, and my position, and your mother's. You know how precarious it is. I dare not think of what may happen if Mr. Cramp should turn against me. So think it over, Bernard."

"And about Westwood House. I am sorry of course that Mr. Hale should have to part with it; but if De Wilde will buy it, it may still be kept in the family. It is a nice place, and Cara is fond of it. It might be a happy thing for you both if it could be secured."

"We are getting on too fast," said Bernard, sullenly. "You must leave me to judge for myself about that."

"Yes, yes," said his father. "I do not wish to interfere or to influence you. Judge for yourself, but think it well over and do nothing rashly, Bernard. I only hope you will do what is right. I am sure you will, if you weigh what I have been saying to you. Now I must be off to the City. I suppose you will take Clover Lodge in your way?"

And without waiting for an answer, Mr. Tyrrell hurried from the room.

#### CHAPTER XIX.—"CARAMELLA MIA."

"With every pleasing, every prudent part,  
Say, what can Chloe want? She wants a heart."

—Pope.

**B**ERNARD TYRRELL, leaving the disposal of Mr. Cramp's exasperating garments to a future occasion, donned his own unexceptionable coat and hat, and having reassured himself by posturing for a moment or two before the large glass in the entrance-hall, went forth to pay his promised visit at Clover Lodge. It was a fine day, and he walked slowly, turning over many things in his mind, and giving little heed to the landscape before him, or to the people who met or passed him.

It must be conceded that the recent conversation with his father had given him plenty to think of. He had, as he represented to himself with more assurance perhaps than circumstances would have justified, to choose between Agatha Hale and Caroline De Wilde. Not that he would have hesitated for a moment if the choice had been as simple and unembarrassed as the above words might imply. In every "choice" there are conditions for and against; and it was with these conditions that his mind was exercised. If Agatha had been under the elm-tree at the appointed time, his choice would have been made and the whole question settled. What a pity it was that she had not come, or that he had not arranged to meet her somewhere else upon that day! Then she would have been his own for better or worse. Even now, if he were to meet her "coming through the rye," or turning the

corner of the lane, he would ask her the question without a moment's hesitation, and she would probably answer "yes." On second thoughts, however, he was not so sure of that. Yet he wished with all his heart that she were there; and looked up, half expecting that the very fervour of his desire might meet with its reward. A form appeared in the distance, partly concealed under a hedge; a female form it seemed, gathering wild roses. Agatha he knew was fond of the simple flower, with its delicately-shaded petals faintly blushing as they open to the light. But no! it was not Agatha; it was a cow, which also had a taste for wild roses, standing in the ditch and browsing. Of course Bernard had never expected to see Agatha there, yet he was disappointed.

But even if it had been Agatha instead of a cow, would it have been fair or right for him to say anything to her? He could not tell her how he was really situated; and to ask her to marry him without such confidences would be most dishonourable. He knew that she did not think much of money, and that if he were really a beggar, and could tell her so, she would not love him less on that account. But he could not tell her so, and would not perhaps have told her so if he could. She might have faith to marry him, trusting in Divine Providence, and satisfied with no better prospect than to live as the fowls of the air; but he for his part must be more practical and consider whether such a step would be prudent, and whether it would tend to the happiness either of Agatha or himself. He had heard that when poverty comes in at the door love flies out at the window; he did not believe that; it was a lying proverb; true love, such love as his and Agatha's, would only cleave closer and grow warmer under the cold blasts of adversity. But it would not be right to expose her to such blasts; and—but he was not a beggar, neither was she; it would never come to anything so bad as that. They would lose Mr. Cramp's money, that was all; they would not be as rich as they might be, or as *he* might be if he were to marry Cara De Wilde. He could not think seriously of that alternative just yet, but he decided that it was quite as well that the female form was—what it was—a cow, and not Agatha; and he went on his way to Clover Lodge without so much as another look at the sweet blushing roses which the cow was tearing down in clusters.

Mr. De Wilde was from home; gone to business, the servant said. Mrs. De Wilde was upstairs; Miss De Wilde was in the garden. Bernard would have joined her there, but she was not alone. Mr. Spicer was hovering about her, though, as Bernard thought, as he observed them from a distance, not in much favour. Cara managed to turn her back upon him pretty frequently; and though he tried first one side and then another, like a spaniel, was not allowed to retain either position long. Bernard stood for some moments watching them before presenting himself; it did not occur to him that the sound of the bell, pulled by his hand, might have had something to do with the coyness which he witnessed. When Cara looked up and saw him she made such a decided movement to meet him that, although she

checked herself the next moment with maidenly reserve, Mr. Spicer was left in the background, and took to caning his thin legs sharply to hide his mortification. Cara held out her drooping fingers, which Bernard took and held within his own, retaining them, as it seemed, unconsciously, while Mr. Spicer walked behind the pair with wrath and indignation on his brow.

Bernard and Cara had something to say to each other, and could not say it aloud because Mr. Spicer was so near. It was natural, therefore, it was even necessary, that their heads should be inclined towards each other, and their faces rather close together.

"Ahem!" said Mr. Spicer, unable to bear this any longer. "Ahem!"

"Oh, Mr. Spicer," said Cara, turning quickly round, "would you mind going into the house and—"

Mr. Spicer made no movement, but looked her grimly in the face.

"And fetch—fetch my thin shawl?"

"Are you cold?" he asked.

"Yes—no; but there is a little wind. Do go, please," and she smiled on him.

He yielded to her smile and ran off in haste. When he returned neither Cara nor Bernard was to be found. They had passed through the conservatory into Mrs. De Wilde's boudoir.

"I will tell you a good joke about Spicer," said Cara, seeing that Bernard was amused at the way in which his supposed rival had been got rid of. "You have no idea how he follows me about. I do think he is very fond of me, poor fellow!"

"Of course he is," said Bernard, "he cannot help it. He has no right to annoy you, though."

"Oh, he does not annoy me."

"Perhaps you like it?"

"I don't much care. He is very good fun."

Bernard wondered whether he also was "good fun." If Cara had seen him, or, rather, recognised him the day before, at the railway-station, would she have made a joke of him to all her friends, male and female? Still he thought he should like to hear that joke about Spicer, and, as Cara wanted to tell it, there was no reason why he should not listen to her.

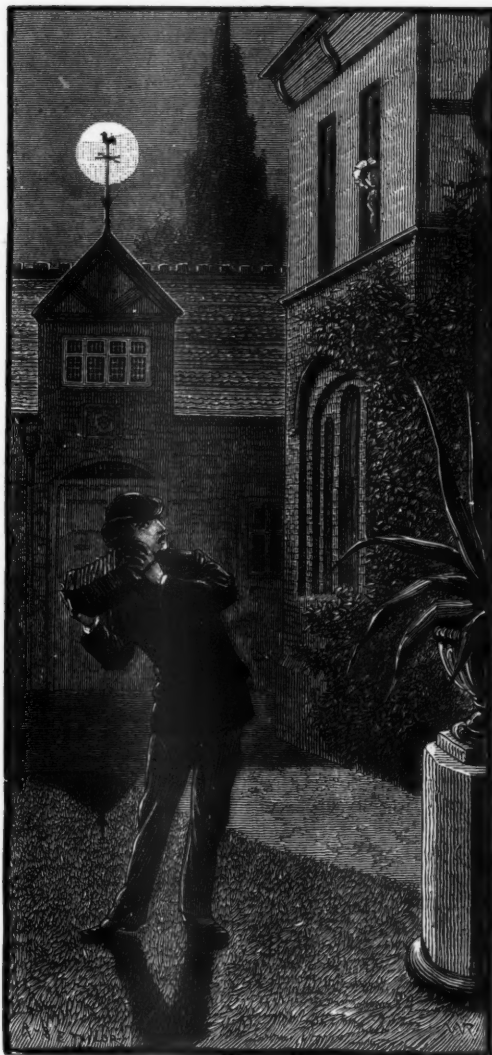
"He is staying with us, you know," she went on. "Papa invited him; I don't know why. I am not sure, though, that Spicer did not invite himself. Well, last night, after we were all gone upstairs, a strange sound was heard in the garden. My window looks to the front, and I did not hear it myself, but Mrs. Crodjet, the cook, sleeps in a room over the kitchen, and she told me all about it."

"She was 'awoke up, out of her dreams,' she said, 'by a gentle straining of music; it was like a concordance. She could not at first discriminate what the tune was, or rather, the mellow-dy, for it was as soft as sighing. At last she made it out—"Should Old Acquaintance be Forgot?" It was a favourite tune of hers, and it made her feel all of a creep, so she crept to the window and opened it gently, and there, on the grass, which must have been very damp at that hour, was a young man—she thought at first that it was James

the footman—with a concordance in his hand, pouring forth his 'art from the bellows of the instrument.'

"Mrs. Crodjet 'could not approve of such goings on, and when there was a pause in the 'air, she called out in a low tone, "James, James!"

"The young man clasped his hands (judging by the sound of the concordance), and in a trembling voice exclaimed, "Cara, Cara!"



A SERENADE.

"Go along with you, James," said Mrs. Crodjet, highly indignant; "you ought to be ashamed of yourself, with your Old Acquaintance. Miss Cara will be fine and angry if she hears you."

"Do you think she will?" he asked.

"Think! James," she replied; "for shame! Go to your bed and hide your face, do, and to-morrow I shall tell your master of you!"

"Then he went off without another word, but



not before Mrs. Crodjet had discovered that it was not the footman James, but Philo Spicer."

Bernard said it was a capital joke, and seemed to enjoy it amazingly. The best of it was, that it was Cara who told it him, taking delight in the exposure of her too devoted lover. Yes, it was an excellent joke. He began to feel sorry for his rival. There is a kind of pity near akin to contempt, a pity altogether different from compassion.

But then Bernard thought again of his own appearance yesterday. Would Cara ever get to hear of this? And if she should hear of it, would it amuse her very much? Would she take pleasure in it and repeat it—repeat perhaps to Spicer? And in that case would Spicer pity him?

He looked at Carara's marble features and observed the scornful turn of the lip which seemed to remain after they had resumed their usual coldness and rigidity. The colour, too, was gone from her face, and she sat quite still—posed, it might have been, for him to look at her or paint her.

He could not but confess, for the hundredth time, that she was beautiful, more beautiful in repose than when moving or speaking. Probably she also was aware of that. But handsome features are not always attractive. One does not want to be perpetually looking at a graceful bust, or to have a full-sized marble statue seated at one's table or one's hearth. Agatha Hale was not half so perfect in the lines of her face; her nose was nothing like so straight, nor her cheeks so finely chiselled; but she had not that unpleasant curve about the lips, and Bernard's heart leaped towards her across the distance which separated them, rather than to the more severely beautiful figure by his side. At that moment he would not have much minded giving Carara to Mr. Spicer, with his blessing; but he did not like the idea of having her taken from him, or of being himself cast off and Mr. Spicer chosen in his stead.

Bernard believed that Cara was really very fond of him, but he had reason to know that she had also been kind to Spicer, who was undoubtedly very fond of her. Agatha, too, was very fond of him; but then there was the money difficulty, and Mr. Cramp looming in the distance.

Cara maintained her pose while these thoughts were passing through his mind, conscious that he was looking at her, and expecting perhaps that he would take the opportunity of saying something. But when he broke silence it was not quite in the way which she had expected.

"I want to see Mrs. De Wilde. As your father is not at home I had better speak to her."

"Yes," said Cara, with a conscious look.

"Shall I go away and send her to you?"

"No; I will ring the bell. You had better remain; it is only about Westwood House."

"Oh! Westwood House? What is to be done about that?"

"It is sold, Cara."

"Sold!" cried Cara; "Westwood House sold!"

"Sold!" Mrs. De Wilde re-echoed, entering the room at that moment.

"Yes, I fear so—indeed, I am sure of it!"

"To whom?"

"To Mr. Cramp. But don't be in despair; Mr. De Wilde may still treat for it, if he will."

"But he won't! I am sure he won't!" said Mrs. De Wilde. "Only this morning he went away saying that he would give Mr. Hale his own price for it, knowing him to be a moderate man, and being anxious to do him a good turn. We should never have brought him to consent to the purchase if it had not been with the idea of helping Mr. Hale, and doing him a good turn as well as ourselves. He will never treat with Mr. Cramp about it, I am sure."

"Here's your shawl, Miss De Wilde," said Spicer, entering the room through the conservatory, and offering to place the shawl upon her shoulders.

Cara motioned him away from her with very little ceremony.

"Westwood House is sold," said Mrs. De Wilde, turning to him—"sold to Mr. Cramp. He is willing to sell it again, but of course he will want to make a tremendous profit of it. That is what he bought it for, no doubt."

"He talks of cutting it up into little plots for building," said Bernard.

"Intolerable!" cried Cara. "It must not be allowed."

"No, no!" said Spicer. "No; it must not, really!"

"There ought to be an Act of Parliament to prevent such things," said Cara.

"Yes, yes; there ought," said Spicer.

"Is it quite out of the question, do you think, that Mr. De Wilde should treat for the property with Mr. Cramp or his agent?" Bernard asked.

"Oh yes; he will not have anything to do with Mr. Cramp, I am sure."

"What does this man Cramp expect for the property?" Mr. Spicer asked, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and looking defiantly at Bernard, who took no notice of him.

"Cut up into plots for building! That sweet garden, and that darling shrubbery, and that dear old house!" cried Cara, clasping her hands and looking as like Niobe as possible.

"It shall never be," said Spicer, with decision.

"Give me Mr. Cramp's address, if you please."

"It would be of no use to you," Bernard answered.

"How do you know that, sir? I will put it to the proof. I will find him out. I will go to his agents, Price and Bidmore. You shall see whether it will be of no use."

After a great deal of discussion, in which Mr. Spicer took an active part—not with words, but with many covert hints, mysterious looks, and solemn movements of the head—it was agreed that Bernard should await Mr. De Wilde's return, and that, after dinner, the Westbrook House business should be brought before him, and no stone left unturned to induce him to treat with Mr. Cramp for the purchase.

It was all in vain. De Wilde had seen Mr.



Hale, and was mortified to learn that he had indeed sold his property, and that, too, at a figure much below what he, De Wilde, would have given him for it. De Wilde had not wanted the house, being quite satisfied with Clover Lodge, and he now positively refused to have anything more to do with it. He was not going to put a lot of money into old Cramp's pocket, he said. He was very sorry for Mr. Hale, but as he could do him no good, he washed his hands of the whole affair, and had done with it for ever.

When Bernard rose to return home, Cara went with him into the garden. There was a gate at the farther end of it communicating with a foot-path, by which his walk would be a little shortened. They lingered together among the shrubs, anxiously observed by Mr. Spicer from the window. Spicer was staying in the house, and knew that he should be able to have the last word with Cara; but that did not satisfy him. The last word is not always to be desired; apart from other reasons, it may come too late. More than once he was on the point of leaving his post of observation and following Cara with her shawl, but he feared a rebuff. So, if Bernard had anything to say, he had plenty of opportunity to say it. Whether he availed himself of the occasion or not, Mr. Spicer did not know. The two forms disappeared in the evening shade, and after an interval the garden door was heard to close and Cara emerged from the gloom and re-entered the house. She took no notice of Mr. Spicer, and was, if anything, more silent and morose than usual; but that, he thought, was rather a good sign than otherwise.

Mr. Spicer did not play the concordance that night, but he followed Cara when she left the drawing-room, and made an impassioned appeal to her upon the stairs.

"Miss De Wilde," he said; "Cara, Caramella! You know what Caramella is, don't you? It's a delicious sweetmeat—burnt sugar; let me call you Caramella, do; it's a pretty name, a sweet name, an Italian name! I have something to say to you, Cara, Caramella! Don't be disappointed about Westwood House!"

Carara—that name became her best in spite of her blandishments—looked straight over his head, and answered nothing. She was standing on the stairs, a step or two above him, and looked twice his height at least.

"Because, you know," he went on, "there is no occasion—no occasion, really, Caramella mia. In about a fortnight—sixteen days exactly—I shall be of age."

"You have told me so before," said Cara, with an air of indifference.

"And then I shall come into my property."

"Yes?" in the same cold accent.

"And so, and so—don't go away—I am going to buy Westwood House from Mr. Cramp. I don't care what it costs," he went on, speaking rapidly and getting out of breath. "I could buy it twice over; if only you will say that—"

Mrs. De Wilde came into the hall at that moment, and seeing Cara on the stairs, desired her to go to bed.

"Only one word," cried Spicer, in a hoarse

whisper, as the elder lady withdrew again. "I'll buy it for you, Cara. I know you would like to have it and to live there, and so should I—with you, Cara, of course, for without you I don't want to live anywhere. So I shall go to-morrow and buy it, and tell Mr. Cramp I will pay for it in a fortnight—sixteen days. Only do say one word, Cara—Caramella. Say you wish it; say you agree to it."

The door opened again at this crisis.

"Just give me a nod," he pleaded, earnestly; "a nod—just a nod."

But he looked up to her in vain. The well-formed neck did not bend, the head was not inclined; the pale eyes remained fixed upon the candle in her hand, which she held aloft as if it had been a lamp of classic form and she herself a Roman vestal or a marble *lychnophorus*.

"Good night, Mr. Spicer," said Mrs. De Wilde, as she passed him on the stairs. Cara also murmured "good night" as she turned and accompanied her mother, but without looking at him, and without giving him the "nod" he longed for.

"I'll do it," he said, resolutely, when they were gone. "I don't care what it costs. It is the only thing she seems to care for, and she shall have it; that is, if she will, from me. At all events, I'll buy it and save it from being cut up and destroyed, for her sake, and because she loves it. I wonder what that fellow Tyrrell will say when he hears that Westwood House is mine?"

#### CHAPTER XX.—"THERE'S NO KNOWING WHAT MAY HAPPEN BEFORE THEN."

"O Time, thou must untangle this, not I.  
It is too hard a knot for me to untie."

—Shakespeare.

BERNARD was early in the City next morning, resolved to devote himself with all his energies to business in the hope of dissipating his cares, and perhaps retrieving in some measure the fortunes of his house. He wished, if possible, to become independent of Mr. Cramp, independent of everybody, that he might follow the dictates of his own heart, and act according to his own conscience. He wished also to forget for a time the events which troubled and perplexed him, and upon which he found it so difficult to come to a satisfactory resolution. But there was not much doing at Horne Court, and waiting for clients when clients do not come is not the way to keep oneself from anxious thoughts. On the contrary, it is, like fishing, a help to meditation and a trial of patience. Listening for the swing of a door and the step of a customer's foot is like watching the movements of a float, or the circling of the water where a trout has risen at a fly. Bernard had not a nibble or a rise that morning. He only heard the low talking of the clerks in the outer office, or the occasional movement of the Crimean hero as he stood at ease near the door.

The more Bernard thought over his own affairs, the less he could see the daylight through them.

as he said to himself. There was but one point which seemed perfectly clear and decided, and that was, that he must do nothing to offend Mr. Cramp. It was not now merely a question of wealth to be acquired and enjoyed, but rather of solvency and credit. The times were bad, money was scarce everywhere, and did not change hands so freely or so often as in bygone years. It was a trying period for stockbrokers, and Mr. Tyrrell was not the only one of his class who had to lament over a decline of business. But he was even more unfortunate than others, being committed to a great and continual expense in keeping up appearances, and getting daily deeper and deeper into the mire, from which Mr. Cramp was almost his only hope of rescue.

And in Bernard's view Mr. Cramp was now closely associated with Miss De Wilde. An alliance with her would not only secure him a handsome marriage portion, but would please Mr. Cramp. Mr. Cramp had let him know this fact with more than his usual plainness. Mr. Cramp would smile upon such a marriage, would tell him again that he was no fool, and would give him in due time substantial tokens of his approbation. Mr. Cramp was an image of gold to Bernard, and it was no longer a matter of policy only, but of necessity, that he should bow down and worship it.

And yet, from all such reflections as these, Bernard turned away sadly and impatiently, to dream of his Cousin Agatha under the elm-tree at Westwood House, the tree that was doomed to be cut down, when the place should be rendered desolate and the house turned into a tavern. He thought of her also as he had seen her under the branching chandelier at the Metropolitan station, as he had walked by her side through the busy streets, and as he had parted from her at Bedford Buildings. The tone of her voice still lingered in his ears, and he seemed yet to feel the touch of her hand and the trembling of her fingers in his own. Oh, there was no doubt about it! He loved Agatha! He could never marry any one else; and so, for the tenth time that morning, the golden image was rudely thrust aside, and the necessity of "keeping in" with Mr. Cramp repudiated or forgotten.

What more natural, that as there was nothing doing in the office that morning, Bernard should go out to relieve his ardent spirits by a turn in the streets? He wanted to breathe more freely, and to enjoy the picture which he had conjured up. He stepped out briskly under the influence of his excited feelings, and found himself, almost before he knew where he was going, at the foot of Mr. Hale's staircase. He had not intended to call upon his uncle, but as chance would have it, Mrs. Thistle-down emerged at that moment from the house, with a bundle under her arm and a basket in her hand. Although a servant, she was not above carrying bundles and baskets, and, if one might judge by the expression of her features, was rather pleased than otherwise at having them to carry. The bundle, no doubt, contained some warm garments, and the basket some comfortable provision for some of her master's clients.

"Ho, Mr. Bernard," she said; "how do you do, sir? I hope you're in salubrious health. Are you going up to see Mr. Hale?"

"No, Mrs. Thistle-down."

"You did not want to have an interview with Miss Agatha, I presume?"

"Why do you presume that?" he asked, with a little laugh.

"Because you are aware she is not here."

"She comes to and fro pretty often, I suppose?"

"No, sir; she spends most of her time at St. Gabriel's now. She has entered as a regular probationer. I don't know what is to be the termination of it, I'm sure. She would do it, but she is not fit for such work. It is not proper lady's work at the best, and her health won't endure it."

"She comes home at night, I suppose?"

"Not invariably."

"How does Mr. Hale like it?"

"He sides with her; he professes that it is his wish; whether he really likes it or not is another thing. He never was one to think of himself."

Bernard walked a little way with Mrs. Thistle-down, and gave her some tender messages for Agatha. He learnt from her at what hours she might usually be met with at home, or on her way to or from the hospital, and would have detained the good woman a long while, listening to all that she could tell him of her dear Miss Agatha; but Mrs. Thistle-down had errands to perform, and, leaving Bernard in haste, turned down one of the narrow streets and disappeared in an alley.

Bernard soon afterwards found himself at Messrs. Price and Bidmore's, reading the bills in their window. Westwood House was still for sale. While he was gazing at the notice in a melancholy mood, he heard Mr. Cramp's voice at his elbow, and, looking round, saw his uncle standing on the step of the house, from which he had just emerged. Any one else would have taken him for one of the broker's men who earn their living by carrying articles of furniture about at sales. He wore an overcoat and hat very similar to those in which Bernard himself had made his appearance in the streets two days before. The contrast between his own smart appearance and the threadbare fluffy look of the old man was remarkable, and Bernard was almost ashamed of being seen to shake hands with him. Yet this was the golden image which it was his business to propitiate, casting himself down before it, in mind if not in body. This was the rich man for whose shoes he was to wait; and he himself, with his well-cut coat, bright boots, and generally fashionable attire—what was he? A beggar!

"I was going to call on you, Mr. Cramp," Bernard began.

"So I expected. You have not brought back those things I lent you."

"I have hardly had time to do so yet."

"I shall not be so ready to lend you anything another time," said his uncle.

Bernard secretly thanked his stars for that.

"I have seen Mr. De Wilde," he said, "and he does not seem disposed to make an offer for Westwood House at present."

"I know that. It is of no consequence. I am

not sure that I should let him have it in any case. I have had another offer this morning."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. A young fellow came to my house before I had done breakfast, ready to bid any money for the place. A mere boy; not yet come into his property, and anxious to get rid of it beforehand. He had heard all about my plan for selling it in lots. Who could have told him?"

Bernard thought immediately of Mr. Spicer. Carara must have been talking to him. It was, perhaps, at her instance that he had come to Mr. Cramp about this business.

"What was his name?" he asked.

"Slicer, or Spicer, or something of the kind. Do you know him?"

"I know who he is," said Bernard, unwilling to acknowledge him as an acquaintance.

"He will give anything I like to ask for it."

"But you will not let him have it?"

"Why not?"

"Oh because, because—well, of course, if he can pay your price—"

"He cannot do anything until he is of age. Meanwhile I stick to my plan of selling the property in lots for building; that will bring out its value. I have just been giving Bidmore instructions to have the ground surveyed and divided up. I shall advertise it at once. It will only be sold by the yard or foot, whoever buys it."

"You won't cut down the trees just yet, I hope, sir?"

"I shall have them marked and valued, and shall sell them standing."

"And the shrubs?"

"They cannot be moved till the winter. There is no knowing what may happen before then."

That was the pleasantest hint which Mr. Cramp had dropped that morning. No; there was, indeed, no knowing what might happen before next winter; no knowing what might come to pass even before the expiration of a fortnight, when Mr. Spicer would be of age, and come into his property.

Bernard wished his uncle good morning, promising again to restore the borrowed garments without delay, and turned his steps again towards Horne Court.

It was very odd of Carara, he said to himself, to send Mr. Spicer to treat for the property. Would she marry Mr. Spicer for the sake of the house she coveted? Mr. Spicer was welcome to her, and to the house also in that case. He wished him joy of his bargain.

But he gnashed his teeth as he thought of it, and nearly knocked over an errand-boy, about Mr. Spicer's size, who got in his way on the footpath. When he reached Horne Court he was still in a very bad humour. The Crimean hero opened the door for him with a military salute, but Bernard only answered with a scowl, and passed into his own little room with a feeling of resentment for his officiousness.

Everything seemed to be against him. He hated the sight of the office, the almanack, the stock and share list. He wondered what he had been born for. He could not think with patience

of Mr. Cramp, or Carara, or Spicer. Altogether he was in a very miserable and misanthropic state of mind.

There was only one ray of comfort for him, and that was in the remark which Mr. Cramp had made when speaking of the winter as the time for transplanting shrubs and making other changes. There was no knowing what might happen before then.

#### CHAPTER XXI.—NUMBER 17.

"For gold in phisiks is a cordial,  
Therefore he loved gold in special."

—Chaucer.

THE tide in the affairs of man which ebbs and flows, whether we take advantage of it or no, runs sometimes with great swiftness and sometimes seems to linger in its course. Now the waters leap and bound, and the frail craft which floats upon the surface is hurried along with bewildering speed, and very much tossed and buffeted in its going; and now again the waves are still, at a moment perhaps when such repose is least expected, and the harassed, wearied passenger finds himself becalmed, and has leisure to reflect upon the incidents of his voyage, and to speculate upon the ends towards which he is slowly, and, it may be, imperceptibly, drifting.

Thus it has been with our story hitherto; many and great changes have taken place in a very short space of time, and a grave crisis seems to be at hand. Upon the events of the next two or three weeks, the future welfare and happiness of more than one of our *dramatis personæ*, the question of their riches or poverty, and of still greater and graver issues, apparently depend.

And yet at this very period of our history we may pass over an interval of no less than six months, and find matters very much *in statu quo*.

Westwood House is still for sale; the trees marked for felling have not yet been touched by the axe. The lawn is disfigured with stakes driven into it rather thickly to mark out plots of a few yards each; but it is a lawn still. There are gaps in the shrubs, where they have been ruthlessly lopped away for convenience of lotting; there is a gap in the fence also, through which carts have been driven; and there is a large notice board with a plan painted on it. But as yet no great mischief has been done anywhere.

At Horne Court work goes on as usual; Mr. Tyrrell and his son, the clerks, and the messenger continue at their posts as punctually as ever; and in fact, so far as one can judge from appearances, no change has taken place in anything, and matters may remain thus calm and undisturbed for another six months, or—there may be a crash to-morrow.

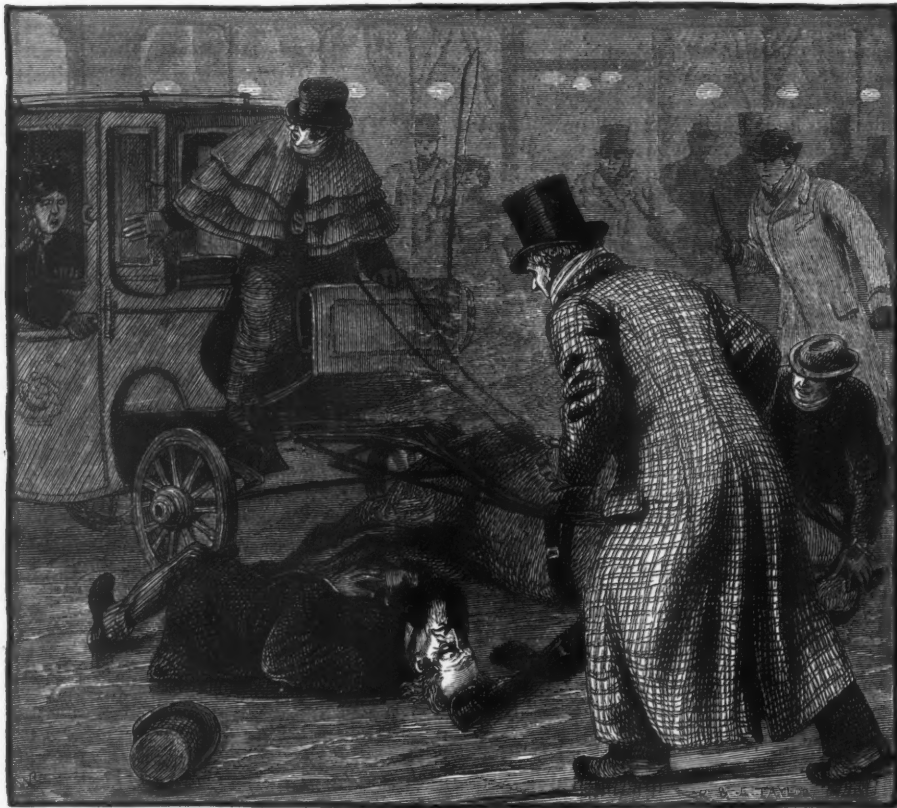
It was now the month of February. The winter had been severe, and the frost still lingered. The sun was rarely visible in London, and the cold wind met the passenger at the corners of the streets, compelling him to button his coat closely over his chest, and to quicken his pace in order to keep up the circulation. The roads and pave-



ments were slippery, coated with ice, which, if it thawed a little in the middle of the day, hardened again into a smoother and more treacherous surface as night closed in.

Night was closing in now; and among the foot-passengers who hastened along the pavement, as quickly as the uncertain footing would permit, was an elderly man, tall and meanly clad, with haggard cheeks and an eager, hungry eye, who

The warning came too late. The old man was seen to slip and turn half round. Instead of throwing out his arms with a natural effort to recover his balance, he only pressed them closer to his breast, and, his feet sliding from under him, he fell at full length upon the stones. At the same instant a cab bore down upon him, and, in spite of the driver's efforts to pull up, it seemed as if he must be crushed under the horse's feet. But the



MR. CRAMP IN DANGER.

seemed to be in a great hurry, and who pressed forward with uncertain step and tottering gait, scanning the road with care, and evidently conscious of his insecurity. He had a long overcoat, worn threadbare, and quite insufficient to protect him from the searching wind on such an evening; and his shoes were shapeless, down-trodden, and patched. His finger-ends peeped out through his old worsted gloves, and his hands were folded over his breast as if to defend both it and them from the cold. His lips moved rapidly; and it might have been evident to any one who noticed him that his mind was troubled, and that he was giving vent to his feelings in hasty mutterings and ejaculations.

"Poor old man!" said one who met him, turning round and looking after him when he had passed; "he seems half crazy. Look out!"

animal, suddenly checked, lost its footing and fell upon its side, its hoofs coming into dangerous proximity with the old man's head. From this peril he was snatched by an energetic bystander, who dragged him on to the pavement, where he was immediately surrounded by a crowd.

The old man lay still, unable to help himself or to speak. The only movement visible was a firmer clasping of the arms across the chest, and a trembling of the fingers over the region of the heart, while the eyes stared unconsciously in the faces of those who bent over him, anxious to afford relief. Presently even these signs of life ceased; the eyelids drooped, the fingers ceased to move, and the arms relaxed their grip.

"Poor old fellow! he's done for!"

"Where's the police?"

"Fetch a doctor."



"It was the fall that did it."  
 "No; it was the horse's hoofs."  
 "Get out! the horse never touched him."  
 "Take the number of the cab."  
 "See, the shaft is broken! Somebody will have to pay."  
 "What's the old man's name?"  
 "Search his pockets."  
 "You won't find much in them."  
 "A card or a letter or something to show where he lives."

"Card? It ain't likely, such as he!"  
 "Fetch a doctor, some one, why don't you?"  
 Thus the many-voiced gave utterance to its manifold ideas. A doctor and policeman arrived simultaneously without having been fetched. The latter addressed himself to the cabman, while the former stooped down to examine the sufferer.

"Run over?" some one asked.  
 "No," said the doctor, "I think not. A bad fall, though—serious thing at his time of life. Stand back, do! give us a little room. Is there a chemist's near?"

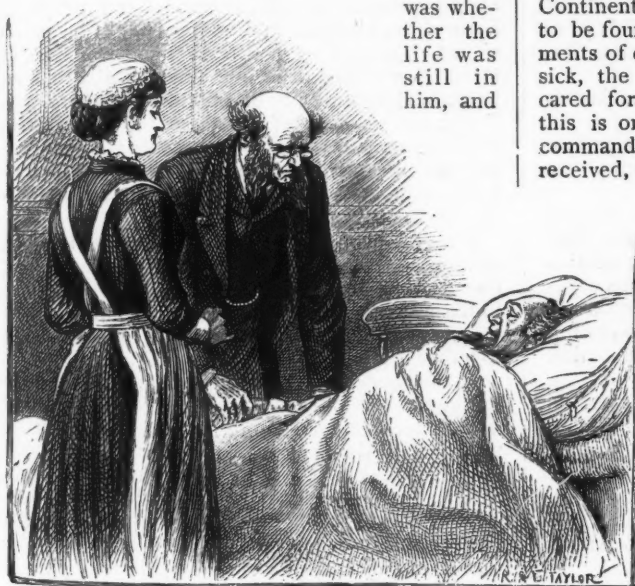
"Yes, sir; close by. Bring the poor man in here."

It was the chemist who spoke.  
 "I think we had better give him a restorative and take him to the hospital," said the doctor; "it is not far to St. Gabriel's."

Three or four policemen were now assembled, and a stretcher having been procured, the old beggar-man was laid upon it as tenderly as if he had been a peer of the realm, and the bearers, keeping step together, walked away at a brisk pace with their unconscious burden.

At St. Gabriel's the "accident" was admitted as a matter of course. No one stopped the bearers to ask what was the patient's name or where he came from. The first question to be

decided was whether the life was still in him, and



THE NEW PATIENT

that being settled in the affirmative, he was carried at once to a bed ready and waiting for him.

"They might have been expecting of him," one of the bearers remarked—a young policeman fresh from the country.

"Might have been! Why, so they was!" another answered him. "With the streets like a sheet of ice, what else could they expect? Poor old fellow! I hope he isn't much hurt."

Then these good Samaritans departed, and the sufferer was left in charge of the host, without even twopence and a promise to recompense them for the skill and care which, in this wayside inn, were to be gently and mercifully lavished upon the wounded, half-dead neighbour.

Yes; there was a promise: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." What better acknowledgment or recompense could any one desire?

Foreigners who visit our country have said that there is nothing which so strikes the mind of strangers as the sight of the noble buildings—hospitals, homes, and charitable institutions of all kinds which rise in every part of London and in all districts of the country, founded by benevolent donors or supported by voluntary contributions, in which the help of the most eminent physicians and most skilful surgeons in the land is freely bestowed upon the poorest sufferers, poverty and pain being their only and sufficient qualification.

Not less worthy of note, though less conspicuous, is the devotion of those whose business—often self-imposed—it is to nurse the patients in the hospitals, performing the most painful and revolting offices for them, administering to their relief, and cheering them with pleasant words and Christian consolations. Britain, of course, is not alone in such good works. In every part of the Continent hospitals and nursing institutions are to be found; but nowhere else are these monuments of charity so frequent, nowhere else are the sick, the orphan, the oppressed so bountifully cared for as in our own Christian land. And this is only as it should be, according to the commandment of our Lord—"Freely ye have received, freely give."

St. Gabriel's was very busy at the moment when our old man was carried up and laid in the bed prepared for casualties. There were several other accident cases, more or less severe. But he was attended to without delay, and by the time a nurse with gentle and practised hand had relieved him of his old worn garments, cutting them off piecemeal, and had placed him between the warm blankets, preferring them to sheets on account of the coldness and trembling of his limbs, in which the blood had almost ceased to circulate, a surgeon came to the bedside.

No bones were broken. The concussion caused by the fall upon the stones was the chief injury. After

a short consultation, such remedies as the case would admit were applied, and the patient was left under the care of the nurse, to be watched and reported upon if any change should take place.

Later in the evening one of the house-surgeons, going his usual rounds, stopped for a few minutes at the old man's bedside. He was still insensible. The doctor, feeling his pulse, and being struck with the smoothness of his hands, was led to look more attentively at him.

"These are not the hands nor the features of a labouring man," he said. "Do you know anything about him, nurse?"

The nurse addressed knew only that he had been brought in that evening. She was the night nurse, and had but just entered the ward for her turn of duty, but she knew that he had been poorly clad, though not perhaps quite as a working-man. But he was past work, apparently, and seemed to have been half-starved. He was very low, and wanted keeping up, to all appearance.

The next morning he was lying in the same state when the day nurse entered the ward, followed presently by some assistants. Beds were being made, breakfasts prepared, and the bed-ridden patients being washed and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Suddenly one of the lady probationers stopped at the old man's bedside, and leaning over him, uttered an exclamation. A nurse hastened to the spot in alarm.

"What is it, Miss Hale?" she asked.

"Who is this? When did he come here?" was the reply.

"No. 17. Brought in last night. I do not know what his name may be."

"His name, I think, is Cramp," said Agatha. "It is, it must be Mr. Cramp."

As if the word had reached the old man's ears and roused his slumbering senses, his eyelids rose, slightly quivered, and closed again. His lips also moved.

"He knows you," said the nurse; "he knows your voice."

A restorative was now administered, and within a short time the patient showed decided symptoms of revival.

Agatha Hale watched him until called away to other duties, returning to him at intervals, until all the dressings were done and medicines administered throughout the ward. The students came in and stood about his bed, speculating upon the nature and extent of his injuries, and wondering who he was, for his white furrowed face, thin bloodless lips, and long grey beard gave him an unusual appearance, and conveyed the impression that, notwithstanding his lean and emaciated state, he was not one of the poorer classes; some indigent clerk or penny-a-liner, perhaps, they thought. Strange varieties of life came before them. Early in the afternoon the visiting surgeons came, and they also were struck with his almost venerable aspect.

"Who is he?" they asked, and, as Agatha again whispered his name, his eyelids again opened, and

a gleam of returning intelligence was noticeable in his eyes.

An hour later, when there was silence in the wards, most of the patients being quietly asleep and the nurses absent, Agatha alone being in charge, Mr. Cramp again began to look about him. Agatha was sitting by his bedside, with a book in her lap, which she had not been reading much, her thoughts being otherwise engaged, pondering sometimes the strange incident which had brought this old man to be nursed by her, and sometimes occupied with tenderer thoughts, not altogether sad, if one might judge by the expression of her lips, though her eyes were moist, and she more than once passed her handkerchief across them. She had sent a message to her father, to let him know of Mr. Cramp's accident, choosing rather to remain with him than to carry the information herself, and she was expecting to receive a message, or, perhaps, a visit from Mr. Hale. She was startled from her reverie by the exclamation, if such it could be called being scarcely audible,

"Why—where—what?"

Then Mr. Cramp's eyes, wandering around, met Agatha's.

"Where—what—how?" he said again.

Agatha whispered a word or two, and smoothed down his bedclothes.

But the old man suddenly threw them back, groping in his bosom with his fingers, and muttering in a confused manner,

"Gone—gone! Where—where is it?"

"What are you searching for, dear uncle?" Agatha asked, soothingly.

"Gone!" he repeated. "Robbed—robbed! Oh!"

He made an effort to raise himself, but fell back upon his pillow, exhausted.

Search had been made, when the old man's clothes were taken off, for some letter or paper from which his name and address might be ascertained, but nothing had been found, nothing, at least, of any value or utility. But Agatha took an immediate opportunity of obtaining a more particular examination of the garments, and then a hidden pocket was discovered within the vest, and in it an envelope containing some bank-notes of large amount. The old man was evidently searching for them.

It was not long before Mr. Cramp again began to move and speak, and then Agatha placed this envelope in his hand. He clutched it with a hideous look, in which delight struggled with pain, and, pressing it to his heart, set his teeth together firmly, and again was silent.

In the course of the afternoon Mr. Hale arrived; but he was not allowed to see the patient. Several days, indeed, elapsed before No. 17 was considered to be out of danger, and even then it was necessary that he should avoid excitement and abstain from all interference with business matters. Agatha devoted all her spare time to him, and did her best to keep him quiet; but there were many things of the highest importance, in his opinion, which must be attended to, and it was with difficulty that she could prevent him from leaving his

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bed in order to go home to Belvidera to look after his belongings. He could not always collect his thoughts; but the one idea that prevailed above all others was that he was being robbed and ruined, and the feeling of his own helplessness to prevent it reduced him, at times, almost to despair.

"Chowne, Chowne!" he exclaimed one day, looking dreamily around him.

Agatha answered to his call.

"You are not Mrs. Chowne," he said.

"No, I am Agatha."

"Agatha Hale? Yes; I know; where's Mrs. Chowne? what is she doing? Buttered toast!"

Agatha understood him. She had heard the story of Mr. Coggin and his surreptitious feasting.

"What's this?" he asked at another time, drawing from his bosom the envelope and its contents, and then hastily concealing it again under the bedclothes.

"You had better let me take care of that for you, uncle," Agatha said, "or it may perhaps be lost. I will keep it safely."

"You? Agatha Hale?"

He fixed his eyes upon her, and then placed the precious bit of paper in her hand, but retaining his own hold of it, as if still in doubt.

"You are not afraid to trust me with it, are you?" Agatha said.

"Afraid? No; only promise me—promise me—that you will not give it away."

"Certainly, I will not give it away," said Agatha; "it is not mine to give."

After that he let her have it; at first he would ask to look at it every time he awoke out of sleep; but as he grew better, and could understand more perfectly, he seemed to be satisfied with Agatha's assurance that the money was safe and sound, and especially that she had not given it away, and did not want to see it.

"What day is this?" he asked, one morning, when he had been at St. Gabriel's about ten days.

"Friday."

"Friday? Then to-morrow will be Saturday?"

"Yes, certainly."

"I dreamt it was yesterday. To-morrow Saturday, is it? Then to-morrow will be rent-day. I am glad it was not yesterday. To-morrow I must get up, whatever happens."

"You are to sit up a little while to-morrow, uncle, I am glad to say."

"But I must go out; there will be a week's rent due in Deadman's Thorn, Court Alley, and Paradise—Paradise—what is it?"

It was thus that he jumbled up and misplaced the names of different localities, his brain being still disordered and confused.

"I must go and collect Paradise rents, Agatha; it won't do to let them get into arrears."

"You cannot possibly go to-morrow, uncle."

"But there's a week's rent due in Deadman's Court, Thorn Alley, and Paradise Row." He had them right this time. "How long have I been here?" he added, anxiously.

"About ten days, uncle."

"Ten days! Then there's a fortnight due!"

He groaned and wrung his hands.

"I shall never get the arrears," he said. "never. I must go myself to-morrow; you must manage it for me, Agatha. It will be to your advantage, as you shall see."

"We will talk about it when to-morrow comes," said Agatha, anxious to quiet him.

That afternoon Bernard came to the hospital, and Agatha left the ward to speak to him. The old man did not like to lose sight of her for a moment, and being told that Bernard was there, desired to see him. Bernard had often called to ask after his uncle, and had been very urgent with Agatha that she should go out with him and breathe the fresh air, which was essential, as he told her, for her health, and she had once or twice yielded to his wishes. They had been very cordial together; but Bernard being still in fear of the golden image, and Agatha being devoted to her hospital duties and to her father, who lived almost alone in Bedford Buildings, there had been no such tender passages between them as formerly. They seemed to understand one another and to be waiting the course of events.

Mr. Cramp had something to say to Bernard, but it was a long while before he could bring himself to say it. It was with evident reluctance and mistrust that he at length proposed to him that he should go the next morning to Deadman's Court, Thorn Alley, and Paradise Row, and collect the fortnight's rents. Mrs. Chowne would give him the rent-book; and the money, the money must be brought at once to Agatha.

"I can trust Agatha," he said, "if she will only promise not to give it away. I would trust Agatha or her father with anything—except giving it away. A fortnight's rents," he repeated, solemnly. "You must make them pay it; they can all pay if they like, but they will put you off if you let them. You must not take any excuses; speak sharply to them; let them see that you are no fool. A fortnight! It ought never to have got into arrears like this! Why, Agatha, Bernard, what were you thinking about?"

The thought seemed too much for him in his weak state, and he fell back upon his pillow and was speechless. When he would have resumed the subject, Bernard, in order to quiet him, promised, although he loathed the task, to perform it faithfully and mercifully.

"Make them pay," said the old man, "and come at once and tell me."

"Yes," said Bernard, anxious to put an end to the interview.

"You will promise me—promise and vow?"

"Yes, yes, of course."

Beckoning to Agatha to follow him, Bernard hastened from the spot.

"Come out with me, Agatha," he said, when they were alone. "You have no right to sacrifice yourself to Mr. Cramp."

"No," said Agatha; "I should not think of sacrificing myself or any one else to him."

"What do you mean?" Bernard asked, thinking there was more significance in her words than appeared on the surface.



Before she could answer, one of the house-surgeons passed. Bernard knew him slightly, and appealed to him.

"Look at your probationer," he said; "tell her she must go out and breathe the fresh air, or she will be ill."

"She ought to go out," he said, "if she can be spared. Take my advice, Miss Hale. It is a fine day, and I think you would enjoy it."

He looked meaningly at Bernard as he spoke, and passed on with a smile.

Agatha hesitated no longer, but after looking again at the patient, who had fallen asleep, put on her hat, and joining her cousin on the staircase, went forth with him.

"What did you mean by saying that you would not sacrifice yourself or any one else to Mr. Cramp?" he asked, when they had started.

"It would not be right," she said, evasively.

"But you are sacrificing yourself," he replied. "You will make yourself ill by spending so much of your time in these hospital wards. And yesterday I saw you carrying a great load of bottles up the stairs; it is hard work, drudgery, you are not fit for it."

"It is not an unhealthy life," Agatha said, "and I am not doing it especially for Mr. Cramp's sake. He is No. 17. If some one else occupied his bed I should do the same for some one else."

"I suppose so, if he were a tramp or a costermonger."

"Of course, it is for the poor chiefly, if not exclusively, that St. Gabriel's and other hospitals were founded."

"But you are much more attentive to Mr. Cramp than to any one else; you give up your spare time to him."

"Because he knows me and I can do him good. No stranger could be of so much use to him as I can. He would not submit to any of the nurses as he does to me."

"Still you must be careful of your health; you must consider your father; you must consider—other people, Agatha."

She did not answer him, and they walked on for some minutes in silence, going towards Bedford Buildings.

"The poor old man has had a terrible shake," he said, presently. "It will shorten his days."

"He will recover," Agatha replied. "The doctors think so, and I hope they are right. I trust he may be spared for some years."

Bernard did not quite agree with her in that wish, but he did not like to say so.

"He is not of very much use in the world, though, poor old man!" he remarked.

"He may alter," she said. "It is with that hope that I desire to see his life prolonged. He has been at death's door, and it may be a lesson to him."

"It does not seem like it, so far," said Bernard. "You heard what he said about those rents?"

"Yes; I was sorry; but he has not had time to think yet. He speaks from habit. As he recovers he will, I hope, be open to other impressions. I do not envy you your task to-morrow."

"I should think not, indeed! I have a great

mind to set some one else to work. There are brokers and men of that sort, who collect rents."

"But you promised you would do it yourself."

"Did I? Well, but it was to satisfy him and to keep him from getting excited."

"Still, I think you ought to keep your promise."

"I hope the poor wretches will pay up, then, for I promised to have no mercy upon them."

"In that you must be guided by circumstances."

"But I promised."

"You have no right to be pitiless and cruel. You could not be guilty of inhumanity, I hope, even to please Mr. Cramp. You may sacrifice yourself to him, if you will, but you have no right to victimise others."

It was the second time within a few minutes that Agatha had spoken thus to him. What could be her meaning? To what was she alluding when she spoke of sacrificing not only himself, but others also, to Mr. Cramp? Bernard's conscience was uneasy. Had he not sacrificed his cousin, in purpose at least, to secure Mr. Cramp's favour? Was he not at that very moment playing fast and loose with her, for fear of offending Mr. Cramp? Did she know it? Could she be altogether blind to it? Had she spoken those words by way of reproach?

Bernard had made up his mind long ago that he did not care for Cara De Wilde. He wished she was married to some one else, that his uncle might not be able to find fault with him for his indifference to a connection so desirable. Mr. Spicer had been faithful to her, in spite of many rebuffs, and was always ready to throw himself at her feet; but she would neither refuse him nor have him. Bernard did not want her to marry Mr. Spicer, but he did not wish to marry her himself. Agatha might be ignorant of a great deal that had passed between her cousin and Miss De Wilde; and it was her own fault, in one sense, that Bernard had not long ago plighted his troth to herself. She had given him no encouragement; had put him off, and even refused him. But if he had been more thoroughly in earnest Agatha might perhaps have treated him differently. She understood his fears and scruples about Mr. Cramp; and Bernard could not be ignorant that it was so. He did not want to marry Agatha just yet, for fear of offending his uncle. He would have liked to marry Cara De Wilde to please Mr. Cramp, and Agatha Hale to please himself. He was waiting, uncertain what to do, how to reconcile prudence with preference; and in the meantime Agatha was spending her days in the unwholesome atmosphere of a hospital.

He was silent for some moments, thinking over her words, and could not trust himself to reply. At length he broke forth impetuously.

"I have sacrificed myself, Agatha," he said; "I know it, I have done it again and again. I have sacrificed conscience, honour, self-respect, everything! I wonder you do not despise me for it."

"No, Bernard, no! Forgive me for speaking as I did. You know that I did not mean anything of that kind. It is quite right to minister to an old man's wants, and to respect even his infirmities; but—but—"

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uated; I wish I could tell you everything. You have little idea how I am hampered and pulled this way and that. I do not care for money more than other people; I do not, indeed. I could almost wish that Mr. Cramp were as poor as I am, that I might be wholly independent of him. I would be yet more attentive to him then, and I should not be accused of mercenary motives."

"Oh, Bernard! I did not accuse you," said Agatha, her conscience now, in turn, smiting her. "If I have ever done so in my thoughts, forgive me. I will never again do you such injustice."

"It is not injustice; that is the worst of it. There is too much truth and reason in the charge. And yet it is not wholly my own fault. I am not quite so mercenary as I seem. Some day, perhaps, I shall be able to satisfy you of this. In the meantime you will try to think well of me, Agatha, in spite of appearances? Promise me that you will."

"Yes, yes," she answered; "I will not doubt you. I have not been just to you. I will trust you in future, whatever happens."

He pressed her hand warmly in his own. If they had been under the elm-tree at that moment, or anywhere but in the streets of London, jostled at every step by the throng of passengers, there is no knowing what else might have passed between them. Forgetting his father's embarrassments and his own, forgetting even his Uncle Cramp, Bernard might have asked his cousin that question which had been so long delayed, and Agatha might have given the answer promised long ago.

It would not have been prudent, it would not have been right, it would not have been honourable, he reflected afterwards, to have bound her to himself for better for worse, for richer for poorer, without first taking her fully into his confidence as to his actual condition and prospects, and for the present, at least, his lips were sealed.

So they went on in silence till they arrived at Bedford Buildings.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—THE RELIEVING OFFICER.

"Only a pauper whom nobody owns."

—Hood.

IT was with slow, reluctant step that Bernard went forth on the following morning to collect his uncle's rents. Mrs. Chowne gave him the rent-book and fortified him with urgent instructions to be sure and get the money in. It would be a difficult job, no doubt, she said, for never before, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, had a Saturday been allowed to pass without the appearance of Mr. Cramp to collect his rents. He must begin at Deadman's Court, where the houses were mostly let single—that is, to one tenant—proceed next to Thorn Alley, where each floor was occupied by a different family, and finish with Paradise Row, in which every room, from the cellars to the attics, was let separately.

Mrs. Chowne gave Bernard an ink-bottle to tie to his button-hole and a pen to put behind his ear, as Mr. Cramp did not like pencil-marks in his book, and advised him to put on the old over-

coat—that which he had worn once before—as being more conformable than his own "jack-a-dandy suit" to the work in which he was to be employed.

Bernard refused the coat, but submitted to the ink-bottle, placing it in his waistcoat pocket for concealment, where it was almost immediately upset and its contents emptied into his vest. It was a pity the ink should be so wasted, Mr. Cramp would have said.

No. 1 Deadman's Court was tenanted by a shoemaker. He was ready with his rent, but declined to pay it to any one but Mr. Cramp himself unless upon a written authority. Mr. Cramp would make him pay it over again, he said, if he should be soft enough to part with it to the wrong person. He was civil, but firm. He would be happy, he said, to make a pair of boots for Bernard—boots as would do him service, not like them cheap patents as he had upon his feet (Bernard had paid a guinea for them), which would be wore out afore even he had collected a week's rent in Deadman's Court unless he brought a proper written authority with him.

Bernard felt half inclined to order a pair of boots, and to enter the value of them in his book as rent received instead of paying for them. Mr. Cramp would not know where the money came from, and would be pleased with his success. But he passed on to No. 2. No. 2 was a greengrocer, when at home, but just then he was out, and had left no money. "You see, sir," his wife pleaded, "Mr. Cramp did not come or send last Saturday, and so we did not know that he would come or send to-day. And there is no such thing as keeping a shilling in the house unless one knows beforehand. We are always as regular as regular can be, but we can't be expected to have money ready at odd times, and without notice. Mr. Cramp generally has a few potatoes, or a bit of wood for fire-lighting, and he didn't have none last Saturday, and that makes it worse again for us when trade is slack. Did you want any fire-wood to-day?"

Bernard had no desire to burden himself with any of the commodities from No. 2, and was reluctantly obliged to go on to No. 3, promising to call again.

No. 3 was shut up. Bernard knocked, but no one came. He had seen the door wide open only a minute or two before, and felt certain that somebody was in the house, but no one answered his summons. He knocked loudly and repeatedly, and all the other "Deadmen," as they were familiarly called in the neighbourhood, came to their doors like so many spectres, and stood there jibbering at him; but the door whose knocker had aroused the court remained unopened.

All the neighbourhood, it seemed, had heard of Mr. Cramp's accident, and expected to hear of his death, and his tenants were not willing to pay any more rent until either he should come for it himself or his heirs should demand it in his stead. A rumour had got abroad that he had no heirs, and that everything would be thrown into Chancery, and they were not without hope of being able to retain possession of their tenements rent-



RENT COLLECTING.

free until the question of ownership should be decided, which would be as good as a freehold.

Bernard, knowing nothing of this conspiracy, proceeded with his duties, and called at No. 4.

No. 4, when applied to for a fortnight's rent, did not know, he was sure, what to do about it. He had never paid more than a week at a time, and did not want to begin now. He did not like new ways, nor new fashions neither; and as he spoke he surveyed Bernard from head to foot with a leer.

"You must pay up," said Bernard, getting desperate. "I must have the money."

"Weekly payments is the rule," said the man. "You know that yourself, I dare say. How much a week might you pay at the shop for them fashionable garments? You would not like to have to pay two weeks in one, I know. It might not be convenient, and that's how I feel it myself."

"Well, then, pay me one week," said Bernard.

"Which week shall it be, then?" the man asked.

"Whichever you like."

"If it's a question of liking," said the man, "I should like to wait till I see Mr. Cramp his-self," and he turned and shut the door in Bernard's face.

By this time a crowd of small boys had collected, who followed Bernard from house to house, listening with great delight to the dialogues which took place at every door, and laughing and expressing their opinion freely. He had gone the whole round of Deadman's Court without receiving more than a few shillings. In one or two houses he had been invited to sit down, the occupants supposing that he was a district visitor or Scripture reader, and they had entertained him with a description of their wants and ailments till he had hardly ventured even to ask them for the money they owed, and had gone away upon the first word of remonstrance or excuse. In others

he had witnessed real and unmistakeable poverty, and had felt ashamed to receive the sixpences which had evidently been laid up, one by one, for the rent, and was very much tempted to restore, with his left hand, out of his own pocket, the money paid into his right; but what would Mr. Cramp have said to that if it should come to his ears?

With a sinking heart, and feeling very much disgusted with himself, and still more with his employer, Bernard at length quitted Deadman's Court and went on to Thorn Alley.

Here he was even less successful. A dealer in shell-fish told him, pointing to a heap of whelks, that he might take the money out in "them there" if he liked, and they was all "alive, alive O!" or would have been if they had not been lately biled."

An Irishman on a first-floor offered to pay the week's rent if he would let him off "the hanging gale," as he called it, meaning the week in arrear; but as soon as Bernard consented to do so, thinking half the amount better than none, the Irishman went off to borrow the money from a neighbour, and did not return.

It was still worse when he came to Paradise Row. His first attempt here caused him almost to repent that he had not accepted Mrs. Chowne's offer of the old hat, for, in ascending the narrow, tortuous staircase of one of the houses, he crushed his own Lincoln and Bennett against a beam, and suffered more loss and damage by that accident than all the rents he had collected would have paid for, even if they had been his own. Bold women jeered him as he passed their doors. Others invited him freely to enter their rooms, from which he shrank back with a creeping repugnance, not unmixed with fear. An old bel-dame, with long white straggling hair, and a strange wildness in her eye, enticed him into her den with a promise of payment, and then, closing the door upon him, insisted upon giving him a

cup of warm "winkle" broth, which she had prepared for her own refectation. It was with difficulty that he could avoid swallowing some of the horrible decoction, as she held it to his face, smiling hospitably, though the sight and smell of it nearly made him ill. If, as he concluded, she was insane, it was a more amiable kind of insanity than Mr. Cramp's, at all events, though scarcely less embarrassing.

Yet even in Paradise Row there were some honest, right-minded lodgers, who, in the depth of their penury, had managed to scrape together three or four shillings, and to put it by, in spite of every temptation, to satisfy their landlord's claim. These looked at Bernard as they handed him the precious coin, and, noticing his well-to-do appearance, seemed to think it hard that such as he should come to such as they for money. They said nothing, but pondered doubtless on the mysterious ways of this strange world, and submitted, not without a sense of wrong, to a state of things which they could not understand.

Knocking at the door of one of the rooms on the highest storey in Paradise Row and receiving no answer, Bernard lifted the latch and went in. The room was dark and close, and there was no fire upon the hearth. A child was sitting on a wooden stool in the middle of the room, eating a hunch of bread, and across the end of the chamber was a low bedstead with a mattress, and a heap of something lying on it.

"Who lives here?" Bernard asked the boy.

"Mother," he replied, with his mouth full.

"Where is your mother?"

"There," he answered, pointing to the bed.

"Is she ill?"

"Yes; she was took bad just now; she had been out with me to get a bit of bread, and lay down to rest herself."

Bernard approached the bed; he did not wish to disturb the poor woman; but, struck with the exceeding stillness of her rest, he looked down closely at her face. Her eyes were partly open, her mouth also was open, and her teeth exposed. He touched her; she did not move.

"Go and call some one," he said to the boy, "and send for a doctor."

The boy stood and looked at him, with his mouth open, though still full of bread, and began to cry.

"Call some one," said Bernard. "Don't be frightened."

The child only cried the more, and did not move.

Bernard went to the top of the stairs and called out, and presently two or three women came from the lower floors and followed him into the room.

"Fetch a doctor," said Bernard.

"Doctor!" said one. "Who's to pay?"

"I'll pay," said Bernard.

"Why—what's this?" another of the women exclaimed, after examining the form upon the bed. "Gone, I do believe! Ah, well-a-day! The Lord have mercy on us!"

The others hastened to the spot, only to confirm her sentence. The poor woman had fainted,

and for want of power to rally, death had quickly followed.

"She's clammed herself to death," said one of her sympathising neighbours. "Have you got your rent, Mr. Cramp? She had been saving it up for you, I know; the old man told her, last Saturday was a week, he should take her bed and turn her out of doors if she did not pay. She has got it in her pocket, I'll go bail; and she's clammed herself to death. Ah, well-a-day! you can take her bed now, Mr. Cramp, if you like. Doctor? She'll never want no doctor again, Mr. Cramp, not she."

"My name is not Cramp," said Bernard, quickly.

"Ah, then, it don't matter what your name is so long as you gets your rents," was the answer.

"I am as much shocked at this as you can be," he said. "What can I do to help?"

"She's past help, poor thing! She had been expecting this; her heart was bad, and she couldn't climb the stairs without feeling it. Send for the relieving officer; that's the only thing as you can do now. I'll see after the child for a bit—come, my darling."

And the poor woman, who had a family of her own in the room below, took the wondering, frightened, destitute boy to her motherly arms, and led him away to be taken care of with the rest, murmuring to herself, "One more mouth to feed won't make much difference—just for a bit."

Bernard himself went in search of the relieving officer, and brought him to the spot. There was not much left for him to do, only to see the poor remains decently buried at the parish cost. The real relieving officer had been before him, and had brought with him such relief as none other ever could or can.

"No more rent to pay."

"They may sell her up now as soon as they like."

"I'd rather be her than her landlord, rich as he is."

"He won't be long after her, if he isn't gone already."

"He won't go the same way, belike, at all events."

"You shouldn't say that though—we won't judge him."

"No; but don't it say in the Scriptures about extortioners, that they shall not inherit the kingdom of God?"

"He'll take his chance of that; and so would you, perhaps, if you had got his money."

"Ah, money is the root of all evil, that's certain."

Such were the remarks from many voices which were uttered in Bernard's hearing as he passed down the crazy staircase in Paradise Row, and made his way through the crowd of sympathising gossips who had been attracted to the spot by the news of the poor woman's death. Already strange reports had got abroad, and Bernard was looked upon with suspicion, as if the catastrophe had been brought about by his visit. It was with no little relief, therefore, that he emerged from these dismal haunts, and picking his way over the broken



pavement, filled with little pools of many-coloured filth, stepped into the comparative freshness and freedom of the streets. A crowd of barefooted, shockheaded boys still followed him, some of them begging for the odd halfpence which he was supposed to have received from their parents, and these, meeting with no success, turned their petitions into abuse, and shouted after him, until, unable any longer to endure their banter in the public streets, he started off at a run, and lost himself in the crowd at the next turning.

"And this," he said to himself—"this is Mr. Cramp's weekly task; this is the thing that he takes pleasure in, to scrape together the miserable savings of widows and orphans, making them pay a higher percentage on the value of their wretched garrets than the wealthy and prosperous pay for their luxury and pomp, choosing to collect their sixpences, and halfpence even, rather than invest in better buildings, because these weekly rents pay best. Never will I again undertake this sordid, shameful work on his behalf. Never will I collect another shilling for him from these poor suffering creatures. He may do what he will with his money. I will not demean myself again to pander to his avarice. Never again, no, not for all the wealth of Croesus! If his shoes were stuffed full of bank-notes of a thousand pounds each I would not wait for them, nor walk in them. Oh, Agatha, you might well despise me, but you shall not again reproach me for such mean and mercenary acts and motives. Poor I may be, but I will be independent; no man shall ever again drag me after him in the mire as Cramp has done. Never! never!

"And what good does his money do him?" he went on, soliloquising in an excited manner, and half aloud. "He has never been so well cared for, never so well fed, never enjoyed so much comfort as at this moment in the ward of a hospital! When he comes home he will miss his comforts, and perhaps fall ill for want of them. Mrs. Chowne to wait on him instead of Agatha! Poh! To think of that old creature, with her sour look and slatternly habits; and of Agatha, my dear, good Agatha! The one hanging on to him, encouraging him in his meanness and extortion, for the sake of what she herself can get out of him; and the other nursing him as if he were her father, for the mere love of doing good to some one. Agatha does not want his money; she would be just as tender to him if he were a sweep. The next 'No. 17' will be as fortunate as Cramp is in having Agatha to wait on him. I could envy No. 17; I could wish to be knocked down and run over if I could be carried straight to No. 17. I wonder whether they would take me there if such an accident should happen. I should want my uncle's coat and hat to qualify me for St. Gabriel's. I think I would rather have my uncle's coat and hat than go on waiting for his shoes!

"Dear, dear! What a change it will be for him when he leaves the hospital! Mrs. Chowne instead of Agatha! Chowne, a greedy, mercenary creature! She would not stay with him a day if it were not for what she expects to get from him, waiting for his shoes. But why should I blame

her? She is only like other people! No worse than others I could name, and those not far to seek!"

By this time he had reached Mr. Cramp's door, and had pulled the bell fiercely.

"Take down the chain, do," he cried to Mrs. Chowne, as she showed her face in the half-closed doorway. "I am not going to rob you; there's nothing in the house that I would soil my fingers with."

Bernard had been charged to look after Mrs. Chowne, and to find out whether Coggin had been there. He was to use his eyes and other senses, with a view to the discovery of buttered toast and such-like enormities. He was also to examine all the cupboards and drawers, and to ascertain that they had not been tampered with. Bernard satisfied himself with pulling fiercely at the drawers, the knobs of which came off in his hands, and kicking at the lids of the boxes, while Mrs. Chowne looked on protesting, and with horror depicted in her face, as if he had been committing sacrilege.

"Have you got the rents in?" she asked, as he was leaving the house.

"No," he said; "only two or three of them, and those I have a great mind to take back again."

"Yes," she answered, "you had better go back again. I would if I was you. They will pay up when they are obliged. They all take advantage when they can. Mr. Cramp will be in a way if you don't get the money. You had better go and try again."

Bernard looked at the old woman as if he would have slain her, but she was dull of comprehension, and only murmured, "Don't give in; say you must have it; Mr. Cramp, he always gets the money somehow."

Bernard flung the door open, forgetting the chain, which was torn out by the roots through his violence, and without waiting to repair the mischief he had done, hastened from the spot. It was too late to call at the hospital that afternoon, or he would perhaps have astonished his uncle as much or even more than he did Mrs. Chowne, and would undoubtedly have jeopardised his prospects in regard to the shoes. The next day, being Sunday, he had time to cool down, and on Monday he went to St. Gabriel's.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.—"I SHALL GO HOME TO-MORROW."

"Let's talk of—epitaphs."—*Shakespeare.*

MR. CRAMP was sitting up and looking tolerably well again. He had left the ward, and was occupying a little room adjoining; and already some one else was being attended to under the distinctive title of "No. 17. Milk diet."

"Well, Bernard," he said, "I have been wanting to see you. Have you brought the rent?"

"No, sir. Only a trifle of the amount."

"How's that?"

"Some of them would not pay, and others could not."



"What—what—what?"

"Yes, sir; and there were two or three who looked so wretched and miserable that, I confess, I had not the heart to ask them for the money; and one—one poor woman was just gone—just dead."

"You—you—" Mr. Cramp began, panting.

"Stop, dear uncle," Agatha said. "Don't be angry; don't say anything in haste."

Mr. Cramp turned from Bernard to his niece; and though his features still quivered with passion, his eyes presently lost a little of their fierceness.

"Well," he said, in a decided tone, "I must go to-morrow and see to this myself. It's what I might have expected from—from you, sir. Where's the rent-book?"

"I did not bring it here. I left it with Mrs. Chowne."

"And the money? Has Mrs. Chowne got the money also? She will spend every penny of it—she and Coggin."

"No, sir," said Bernard; "the money is there;" and he threw a large canvas bag, with a very small collection of coins tied up in one corner of it, upon the table.

"Well, sir," said Cramp, "I will not trouble you to do anything more for me. I must go home to-morrow; I shall be ruined else. You can go and play at bat-and-ball, lawn tennis, or whatever you call it, at Pimpernel Bank for the rest of your days."

Bernard would have made some hasty answer; but Agatha restrained him with a word or a look; and, taking up his hat, he wished his uncle good morning and quitted the room. He waited outside for a time, hoping that Agatha would follow him, but was fain to go away at last without another opportunity of speaking to her, reflecting upon the consequences of his independence. He had nothing more to expect from his uncle now; and it was a relief to him at first to think so. If only business were more flourishing at Horne Court, and the cost of keeping up appearances could be dispensed with in the country, he would have been almost contented.

"He is an idiot!" said Mr. Cramp, hardly conscious that he was uttering his thoughts aloud; "he is a born idiot! he does not know the value of money."

"So many of us are idiots in that sense," said Agatha.

"You may well say that! It runs in the family—in some branches of it, at all events," the old man answered sarcastically.

Agatha knew, of course, that he was referring to her father, and could not refrain from speaking in his defence.

"What is money given for? that's the question," she said.

"What, indeed!" said the old man. "Yet some people will give away all that they possess."

"What is it given to us for, I mean?" said Agatha; "for what purpose are we entrusted with it?"

"To be taken care of, I say," said Cramp.

"To be made use of, I think," said Agatha.

"You cannot have it to use if you don't take

care of it," said the old man. "Look at me! what should I have been at this moment if I had not been careful of my money?"

"Well, at this moment," said Agatha—"at this moment, I don't know but any of those poor fellows who occupy our beds are as well off as yourself."

"But I shall go home to-morrow."

"Shall you be better off there, do you think, than you are now?"

Mr. Cramp sighed. It was a question which had already occurred to the old man. Home had no pleasant associations for him, and he had begun in his convalescence to feel the comfort of rest and quietness and proper nourishment. Above all, the kind and patient attention he received from all around him, attention which the poorest of his fellow-patients shared in common with himself, was very grateful to him, and the more so because very unusual. There would be nothing of this kind at Belvidera—only Mrs. Chowne and her sordid, slatternly routine of scraping and starving, which had become a habit and tradition of the place, and from which it would be difficult to move her, even if he should wish it or attempt it. But for his anxiety about strong boxes and rents and dividends, Mr. Cramp would have been almost contented to have spent the remainder of his days at St. Gabriel's. He was very weak, and much in want of rest, both mental and physical, and he could not look forward to a return to his old habits without reluctance, amounting almost to dismay. Therefore, instead of answering Agatha's question, he sighed.

Agatha had been very anxious that the chastening which her uncle had undergone might have the effect of softening his disposition. He had been very near death, and it was to be hoped that he would not, after his recovery, go back at once to his useless and miserable manner of life. She plucked up courage, therefore, to speak her mind on this subject.

"What good does your money do you, uncle?" she asked: "not to speak of other people—of what use is it to you? You make me think of the epitaph—"

"That I spent—I had,  
That I left—I lost,  
That I gave—I have."

You do not even have what you spend!"

"How do I not?"

"You have no enjoyment of it; it pains you to part with it. You seem to grudge even what is necessary for your own comfort."

He looked at her with surprise, not unmixed with displeasure.

"Tut, tut!" he said; "you do not understand. Epitaphs, indeed! What are epitaphs? Lies, lies!"

"There must be truth in that epitaph, though," she answered, gently.

"That I spent—I had."

It is gone and done with, and there may be nothing left to show for it; but still, 'I had it.'

Even that cannot be said of money hoarded up and never used at all.

'That I left—I lost.'

It has to be left, you know; we cannot take it away with us to another world, and we cannot do anything more with it in this. It must be left; and when left it's lost—as completely lost as if it were cast into the depths of the sea. However much we may try to hold it fast, the hour will come when it will be snatched away from us and we from it. 'That I left—I lost.'

"I don't see that that applies to me more than to any one else," said the old man, moodily.

"I don't say that it does; it applies to every one. But look at the third line."

Mr. Cramp made a gesture of impatience.

"I don't wish to tire you, uncle," Agatha said, taking his hand in her own. "But the third line is the best, if you care to hear it."

"Well?"

"'That I gave—I have.'

'He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and look what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again. So our Lord says in the parable, 'When I come again I will repay.' Not left, not lost, you see, but laid up in a sure place, safer than in any bank or iron chest, 'where neither rust nor moth doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.' 'That I gave—I have!' It is a fine epitaph, and a true one, is it not?"

"I shall be ready for mine presently, if you go on much longer."

"Then I will not say another word."

Mr. Cramp leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes, trying not to think; but he could not easily dismiss the subject from his mind. He had spoken lightly of his own epitaph, and of being ready for it, but the idea was not a pleasant one, and it clung to him. He remembered an inscription which he had read upon a gravestone somewhere in the north of England.

"I poorly lived,  
And poorly died;  
Richly buried,  
And no one cried."

He did not wish for such an epitaph upon his own grave, and yet, if epitaphs were ever to speak the truth, what better memorial could he expect? His relatives, no doubt, would give him a fine funeral out of respect for his money, with which they would pay for it. But what good would that do him? And it would not be long before he would indeed be ready for it.

After a lengthened silence he said, looking at Agatha from under his half-closed eyelids,

"I wonder what you would put upon my headstone, Agatha, if it were left to you to write it?"

"I should like to write it now, uncle," said Agatha, "and then for you to live a dozen years, at least, to justify it. I should only put a *few* of your good works upon it; there would not be room for all; a hospital built, a free school

founded, a poor district endowed, good lodging-houses for industrious and deserving people."

"Stop, stop, stop!"

"I should say nothing of your numerous private charities, of course; of the widow comforted, the orphan fed and clothed, the sick and the poor visited."

"There would not be much to leave you, Agatha, at that rate."

"There would be the more to be repaid you in another world, and I should have the less to be responsible for in this. It would be better for both of us."

"Well, if that is your opinion, I may as well leave what I have to be employed in charitable works when I am gone. It will do as well a dozen years hence as now; better, perhaps, for there will be more of it by that time."

"Yes; but, dear uncle, it would not be nearly so well for you."

"Why not?"

"'That I left—I lost.' You would only be giving away what you could no longer keep, and that would not be charity, that would not be 'lending unto the Lord.' You could not expect a recompense hereafter, for though the will might be good, the deed would be nought."

"The will good, but the deed nought?"

"As far as it would affect yourself, I mean."

"You talk like one of the silly women, Agatha."

He leaned his head upon his hand over the table, and remained for a long while wrapped in thought. When he spoke again it was upon another subject, and Agatha presently went out and left him to himself.

**Windmills in India.**—A distinguished Indian Officer, Colonel Le Champion, has been urging long and vainly upon Indian authorities the advantages of windmill irrigation in India. People who do not know that country would scarcely believe that not a single building of the kind exists there. Those who are better acquainted with India will well understand that a new idea may be ever so fruitful of blessings and yet constantly set aside by the conservatism of natives and the apathy of Government. Yet these are the unanswerable facts. Under the surface soil of India water lies abundantly at twelve to forty feet depth. This water, spread upon the fields, would avert famine and double the grain exports. The Ryot feebly bales it up out of shallow wells by the aid of two living bullocks and the skin of a dead one. With a well-constructed though simple windmill the water might be raised, as in Holland, in any quantity. There blows a steady wind over the greater part of India during April, May, and June, which is just the breeze to work the mills, as those are precisely the months during which irrigation is most wanted. India possesses everywhere excellent materials for construction in sun-dried bricks for the walls, bamboo canes for the framework, cheap and strong cotton cloth for the sails, and inexpensive labour. In point of fact, there was a windmill at Tanjore, three or four years ago, which for many years had pumped up water from a depth of forty-five feet, doing splendid work. The mill, ironwork, pump, and rope cost about twenty-four pounds sterling. Here, then, is a complete case in favour of Colonel Le Champion's sensible idea, which once generally adopted would vastly economise human labour, capital, and cattle, and which it is the positive duty of the Indian Government to favour. But in days when its most urgent conception is to be saving money, we have little hope that the official mind can be led to begin at the right end, by asking Nature thus to help the revenues of the empire. The vast natural forces available in India might certainly be turned to better account.

## JOHN LINNELL.

ON the 20th of January, 1882, a great name passed away from the ranks of living English artists in the person of John Linnell. No one would think of ranking him with Turner in imaginative power or in the resources of scenic display, and yet no one since Turner has stood so high in the estimation of lovers of landscape-painting as Linnell. It has been suggested that a Linnell Exhibition should be set on foot, showing the various steps by which he raised himself to eminence; and there can be no doubt that such an exhibition would be most instructive to the art-student, and most encouraging to the still undistinguished worker. The latter would find another addition to the thousand and one instances of long industry, unnoticed at first, crowned at last with fame and success.

Those who have been frequenters of London exhibition-rooms during the last twenty years or so will probably recall Linnell to their recollection under two principal phases. Associated with his name will be remembered two classes of pictures: one a landscape, in grey neutral colouring—say, an open plain country, perhaps a river estuary, with a few houses or a distant mill upon it, and sometimes impending over it a heavy storm-cloud, ready to sweep across the scene, chasing before it a few scattered gleams of sunlight which glance and sparkle over the foreground. The other is a field of ripe corn, which is being rapidly swept down by a party of mowers. Around are woods, more picturesque in effect than favourable to the interests of good husbandry. In the distance is a vast expanse of purple-blue level country, vanishing away in aerial perspective, and above a summer sky, dappled with fleecy clouds, or perhaps beginning to be tinged with the glories of sunset.

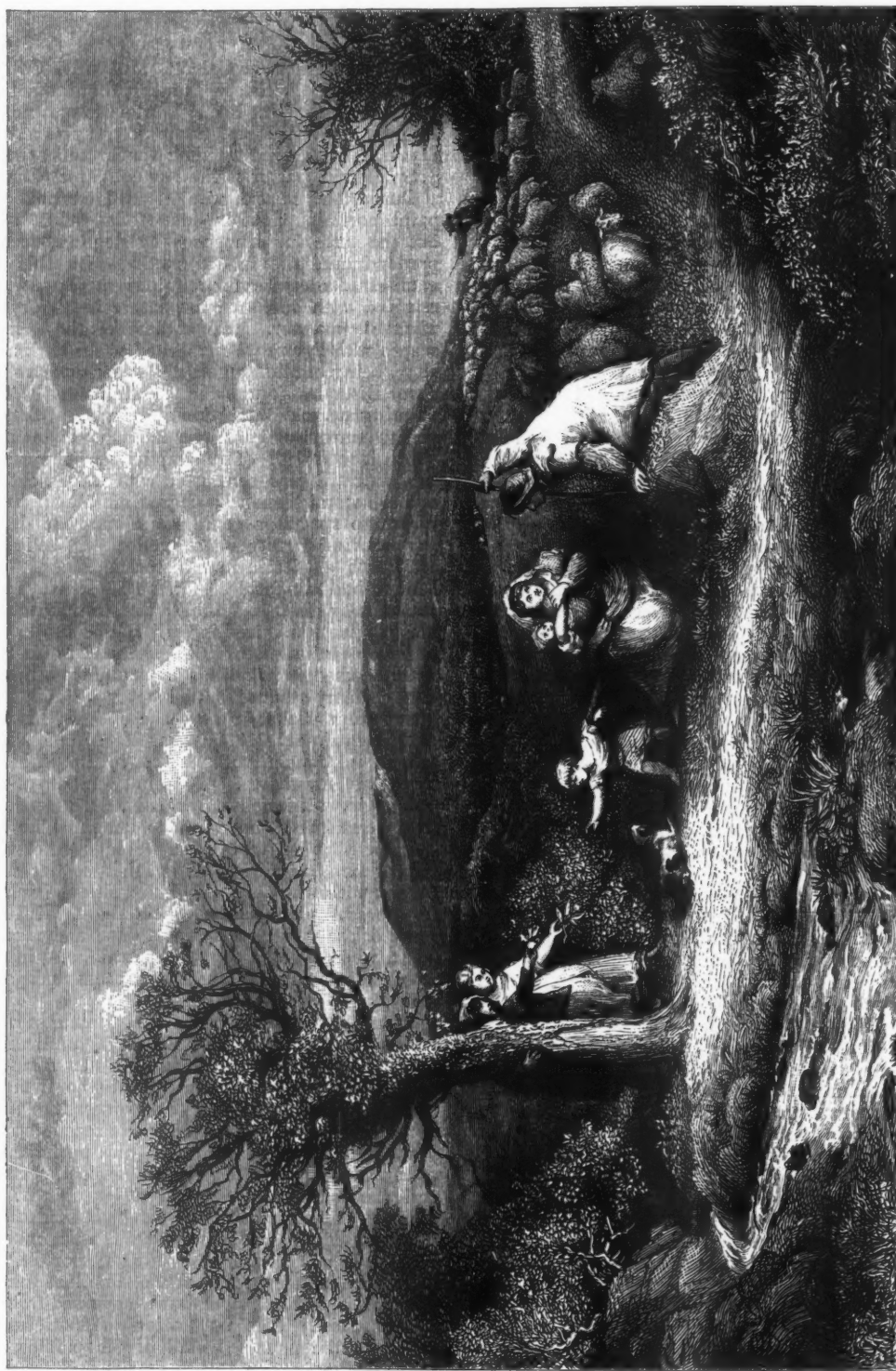
Before these successes were attained Linnell had gone through a long apprenticeship. He was born in 1792, his father having been a picture-dealer and wood-carver in Bloomsbury. His steady industry and manifest inclination towards art in various forms attracted the attention of Benjamin West, by whose advice he was sent to the Royal Academy Schools at Somerset House. He took lessons also from Varley, and had Mulready and William Hunt for fellow-pupils—both of them famous colourists. His first exhibition seems to have been in the Academy of 1807, but he by no means confined his attempts to oil-painting; he was an engraver as well, and could turn his hand to miniatures in ivory as readily as to scene-painting. In 1809 he is found to have left his father's house and to have set up a studio in company with Mulready, and for a year or two he sent pictures to the Academy Exhibition at Somerset House. His next series of exhibited works was with the Society of Painters in Oil and Water-Colours in Spring Gardens; and throughout the "Thirties" a number of leading personages in society, literature, and politics sat to him for their portraits.

Amongst these were Calcott, Mulready, Collins, R.A., Malthus, Whately, Sterling, Lord and Lady Lyndhurst, Sir R. Peel, Lord Lansdowne, S. Rogers, and Espartero. Some portraits were both drawn and engraved by him; for instance, that of John Martin, pastor of the Keppel Street Chapel.

During the next decade he still continued to paint portraits, notably one of Carlyle, in 1844, but the taste for landscape by degrees became predominant, and in conjunction with this was manifested a leaning for religious subjects, which mingled with his love for nature in a very remarkable manner. The earliest of these landscapes with figures was exhibited so far back as in 1835, being entitled "Christ's Appearance to the Two Disciples journeying to Emmaus." This painting attracted attention and surprise from the superb surroundings of the momentous incident which it recorded. The simplicity of the Scripture narrative was contrasted with the splendour of the natural scene to a degree almost dramatic, whilst no spectator could for a moment detect any want of dignity or reverence. Of religious art in its academic and historical sense, John Linnell had not an idea—all the Madonnas in or out of Italy never had the slightest influence on his imagination. In his early life he was known to have been intimate with Blake, and in his later years he used to talk of his acquaintance with that extraordinary genius; but whatever he may have heard from Blake, or may have seen in his wild and eccentric studies, he himself, the companion and friend, was never affected by the slightest tinge of mysticism. A more matter-of-fact painter than Linnell never existed; he painted what he had seen, not what he imagined he had seen, or what mortal eye has never seen, or what mortal man has never believed that he has seen, except with the eye of imagination, well or ill-tutored. He was no poet in the highest sense of the word, but he was a great and genuine artist, who created a style for himself, and in that style became without a rival in success and popularity.

From the year 1850 down to his death, scarcely a year passed without an example of his brilliant powers making its appearance in the Academy Exhibition. In some years were to be found as many as three; but taking the average, the number will be found scarcely to have exceeded one a year. In 1850 there appeared one portrait, that of Dr. Meryon, and a religious subject, "Christ and the Woman of Samaria at Jacob's Well." The most memorable of these subject landscapes, which, after all, were less numerous than may be supposed, was "The Disobedient Prophet," in 1854, with a reference to 1 Kings xiii. 28, one of the most perfect pictures that ever passed from an artist's easel. This impression of faultlessness, owing to the practised skill of the painter, his industrious attention to the details and finish of his subject, and, above all, to the good judgment





*By special permission.*

THE MOUNTAIN SHEPHERDS.

*(Linné.)*



which infallibly directed him when to leave off, was a characteristic of many of his greatest works which were produced from 1850 to 1870. Throughout these years the only other pictures with a religious motive appear to have been "The Lost Sheep," in 1869, with a text from Luke xv. 5; "Sleeping for Sorrow," with a reference to chapter xxii. of the same Gospel; and finally his very last exhibited work, "The Woodcutter," which is given as a commentary on a passage in the 74th Psalm, verse 5.

In 1852 Linnell moved from the house in Porchester Terrace, Bayswater, which, after his residence in Cirencester Place, he had built for himself, to another larger house, also built by himself, at Redstone Wood, near Reigate, and the effect of his new surroundings in point of scenery soon became conspicuous. To this period and neighbourhood must be attributed the long and brilliant succession of "Country Roads," "Harvest Sunsets," "Sheep Feedings," "Timber Carryings," "Chalk Hills," and "Woods and Forests" generally, without one of which no yearly Exhibition seemed complete. These paintings are said to have been a source of great emolument to the artist, and are still sold for advancing prices.

Of the permanence of John Linnell's position in the world of English art, it is, perhaps, premature to speak. In our forecast of the probable future, his reputation, though it must always be far above the average, will not be sustained at the level it reached in the years 1850 to 1870. To the instructed eye many of his effects will, we apprehend, appear exaggerated, and his colour overloaded. But setting aside these more gorgeous examples, wherewith the public eye was principally attracted and dazzled, there remains a vast amount of less showy but equally meritorious work, which will always command attention, and will be of lasting value. The secret of his success, if secret there be in a style which, as we have observed, never had any mystery about it, lay in his having laboured so earnestly and conscientiously as he was compelled to do in his early years. To his mastery of drawing, firmness of outline, and rapt attention to what was actually in the scene before him; to his power first of receiving nature correctly, and then of rendering it according to the conception he had formed of it, are due the successes of his mature life. In many of his landscapes there are pleasing natural motives, such as where the kine hesitate to cross the ford homewards, being out-faced by a noisy troublesome cur; in his groups of workmen and their teams, of shepherds with their flocks, in the cow suckling its calf, and so on. But these were not the grand attraction; that lay in the wonderful insight into natural appearances which original powers of observation, aided by long practised labour, had secured, along with a power of rendering conceptions in a grand manner, not copied from any master or school of art, but springing spontaneously from an independent mind, and hence original.

The pursuit of figure-painting has ordinarily, as we knew, been kept apart from that of landscape. Only very great names, indeed, have succeeded in duly subordinating what, after all, is the inferior

branch of art, to the superior. Whenever figures and landscape appear in the scene together, the former must always be the gem of the picture, the latter only the setting. But when John Linnell introduced passages from the divine narrative into his pictures, it was felt that he was, to some extent, dedicating his natural and acquired powers to the service of religion. Grand as the scenery was in which the events are represented as having taken place, the artist evidently thought that no grandeur or splendour was too great for the importance of the occasion. Thus he produced works which not only impressed his own generation with their sincerity and solid power, but which will continue to maintain for him a high place in the future.

Linnell was never a member of the Academy, and it was to the loss of that body that he was not enrolled amongst its members. It is stated that, having, in accordance with a rule now abrogated, submitted his name for election for many years without success, he withdrew it, and then, when a semi-official invitation was afterwards sent, he declined to avail himself of the offer. One anecdote relates how he said he preferred to leave the honour to younger men, whom it might help to sell their pictures. But it is not surprising that he became the author of a tract reflecting unfavourably on the character of the Academy as a national institution. He also published some small treatises on matters connected with Biblical study. In his home at Redhill, where his sons around him practised their father's art with a skill and success now well known to the world, he was always a hospitable host, not without a certain strictness befitting his character. One of his inflexible rules, by no means always followed in the artist profession (Sir Joshua Reynolds and David Cox gave the same honourable example), was that all work with easel and paint-brush was to be scrupulously laid aside on Sunday. His funeral took place at Reigate Cemetery on the 25th of January.

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**The Disestablishment of Bells.**—The law has, in the matter of bells, less disregard for the nerves than regard for the privileges of religion. Secular bells of all kinds have, one by one, been disestablished in the metropolis. The muffin bell, together with all other noisy modes of advertising wares, has been in theory at least silenced. The call bell for ringing workmen up to time is prohibited, like steam-whistles and horns, used for the same purpose without the sanction of the sanitary authority. Musical hand-bells are liable to the same suppression as the street organ, the common enemy of all mankind who live above the basement floor. Church bells alone, except at one time the orthodox bells of Roman Catholics, have been subjected to no statutory repression. Bells in their purely musical function may, if they pass the bounds of the definition of nuisance, be restrained by injunction, as happened in the well-known case of the Roman Catholic chapel at Clapham; but the passing bell, the funeral bell, and the bell for service are not only allowed, but enjoined by the canons. Some repression on these most disturbing forms of ringing may fairly be asked. Passing bells may well be dispensed with altogether in fowns, and funeral bells in the near neighbourhood of houses might, without impropriety, be required to be closely muffled. Better reminders of mortality are found nowadays in the first column of the daily newspaper than in the church steeple.—*Law Journal*.

## CHARITY, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

MORE than three centuries ago—on December 1st, 1570—when Queen Elizabeth had been on the throne only two years, a Citizen and Merchant Taylor of London was thoughtfully making his will. The world was changing rapidly all around him. Two years before, the fortunes of England had been low, and the heart of the nation was sickened with bloodshed; its best men had suffered martyrdom, or persecution almost as bitter as martyrdom. But a change, sudden as marvellous, had come. Mary was in the grave, and Elizabeth was queen, with her reiterated cry of "No war!" Peace abroad and liberty of conscience at home had already produced their fruits, and the blight, also, that always comes with fruit. The commerce of the country, arrested by the five baleful years of Mary's reign, was rushing on with the whirl and force of a flood. People in cities and in the counties were growing luxurious. An upper middle class was forming, who must have glass in their windows, through which the sunlight might stream into their dark rooms, and display the carpets on their floors, and the silver plate upon their tables. Even ordinary houses began to be built with chimneys, and the old wooden dwellings in London were rebuilt of stone and brick as they fell out of repair. The city was growing so rapidly that a few years later new buildings were forbidden "where no former hath been known to have been." Robert Donkyn, who was making his will, looked out on his changing world, and considered what he could do for it. There was already an increasing number of idle beggars, and of artisans willing to work but unable to find regular employment. As it ever has been in this strange whirl of growing luxury on the one hand, there was growing poverty on the other. He resolved what he would do. Certain property of his, wooden houses, doubtless, situated in Bishopsgate Street, he left in trust to his guild, the Merchant Taylors' Company, for the purpose of providing annually gowns, shirts, and shoes for twelve poor men, freemen of the company; and cassocks, smocks, and shoes for twelve poor women, widows of freemen; all of whom were to be of "good name and fame." The residue of the rents was to be gathered into a stock by the master and wardens of the company, out of which they were to repair or rebuild the premises, as "nede shal appeare."

Thirty-four years later, just before Elizabeth's splendid reign was coming to its sad close, another Citizen and Merchant Taylor, John Hyde by name, bequeathed certain lands and tenements, situated in the Minories and Fleet Street, to his company, the income from which was to be expended in certain charities, and the residue laid out in freeing debtors from the Comptor and Ludgate Prisons, who lay there for debts not exceeding five pounds. Prisons and prisoners have disappeared, but the lands and tenements remain, and bring in a yearly income such as John Hyde could never have dreamed of.

Nothing more is known of these men, Robert Donkyn and John Hyde, except their names and their last wills, one made at the beginning, the other at the close of Elizabeth's reign. But the property in Bishopsgate Street, the Minories, and Fleet Street went on depositing their revenue in the coffer of the Merchant Taylors' Company, until eventually the question arose as to what was to be done with the accumulated funds entrusted to them by these ancient and almost unknown benefactors.

One day last summer I was invited to see for myself the answer to this question. Across the loveliest parts of Surrey, with its golden cornfields and smoothly-rounded green downs, through the richly wooded vale of Arundel, and down to the low-lying coast of Sussex, we travelled at a speed which Robert Donkyn and John Hyde, who had gaped with wonder at the cumbrous coaches sometimes seen in London streets, would have declared either impossible or diabolic; though we rather shook our heads over it, as it did not exceed thirty miles an hour. The pleasant little town of Bognor, which we reached so easily and without fatigue, they had never heard of, yet here lay the chief practical result of their thoughtful charity of three hundred years ago.

About twenty-five years since, acting on the suggestion of the Charity Commissioners, the Merchant Taylors' Company appointed a committee to deal with the funds, and to seek out and purchase a suitable property for establishing a Convalescent Home for poor men recovering from sickness. After a long search the most fitting place was found at Bognor, in a large old-fashioned mansion, facing the sea, which needed but little alteration for their present need, though subsequently it was enlarged to admit of receiving fifty patients at a time. From six to seven hundred poor men pass yearly through its hospitable doors, spending from two to four weeks each in the pure fresh air of the seaside. The house stands in its own grounds, well separated from any adjacent property; whilst a large meadow before it, lying between it and the sea, has been purchased by the company, in order to secure the home from ever being built up in front. Indoors there are comfortable dining and sitting-rooms, with a smoking-room attached; and large light airy wards for dormitories. Out of doors there are pleasant lawns and gardens, with a cricket ground, and along the shore are iron seats placed for the special benefit of the Merchant Taylors' guests. A matron, who takes a deep personal interest in the welfare of those in the Home, is at the head of the establishment, and has authority to dismiss refractory or disorderly patients; and gentlemen of the committee visit it constantly, the chairman making a point of going down to Bognor once a week, both summer and winter. A more admirable and efficient charity could not be found. But it was not to see the Convalescent Home for poor men that I had been specially invited. Robert Donkyn's will

had provided for cassocks, smocks, and shoes for twelve poor women, as well as gowns, shirts, and shoes for twelve poor men. It seems to have touched the feelings of the committee that no provision was being made to benefit one-half of Robert Donkyn's perpetual legatees. "The poor ye have always with you," says our Lord; and poor women are more numerous, more feeble, and more pitiable than poor men. Poverty always stands nearer, in far closer companionship, to women than to men, and clings more hopelessly to them. The twelve poor widows in the City still receive their yearly dole from Robert Donkyn's Bequest; but was this their due share?

There is a chivalrous tenderness and grace manifested in the answer to this part of the question which is worthy of special note. When the two ancient benefactors lived there were no poor gentlewomen of the upper middle class. Yet, of all the ranks of poor women, what class is more worthy of sympathy, what class stands more in need of kindly help, than that of educated women working for their own maintenance, and often for the maintenance of others? Poverty is bad enough for them; but poverty with sickness, which drains their slender resources of their last penny, and yet leaves them too feeble for the work by which they win their bread: what can be worse than this? Educated women who have been all their lives accustomed to a certain degree of refinement in their outer surroundings cannot recover their wonted health and spirits in an utterly uncongenial atmosphere. But the income from the trust funds, accumulated under the wills of Robert Donkyn and John Hyde, was already appropriated to the Home for Men. The Merchant Taylors' Company, therefore, with a magnificent generosity, placed at the unlimited disposal of their committee, the corporate funds of the Company for the establishment of a Home for Gentlewomen. "This home is established," say the committee, "by the Merchant Taylors' Company of the fraternity of St. John Baptist, for God's glory and for the benefit of their suffering fellow-creatures. It is intended for the wives, widows, and daughters of gentlemen who, recovering from illness or suffering from overwork, require rest and sea air to restore them to health, but whose means are insufficient to provide the same."

The Ladies' Home is near the one for men, but it is quite detached from it, and has, of course, a matron and complete staff of its own. It is not, like the other house, an old-fashioned and spacious mansion, but it consists of several houses, originally forming a terrace, which are now thrown into one long dwelling-place. In some respects this is really an advantage, as it gives a large number of comparatively small rooms, and supplies a separate bedroom for each guest, instead of the larger open wards used for the men's dormitories. Each bedroom is sufficiently and comfortably furnished, and the only service demanded of the occupier is that she shall make her own bed and keep the room in order, all other work being done by servants. There is also a rule, which few ladies recovering from illness would find hard,

that none shall leave her bedroom before breakfast, which is ready at half-past eight o'clock; a regulation which seems really necessary to ensure a punctual attendance at the morning meal.

The dining-room is a large and comfortable room, as well appointed as any in a good boarding-house. The food supplied is of the most nourishing and tempting kind. The drawing-room is a pleasant, sunny, cheerful apartment, very well furnished, and provided with a grand piano of excellent tone, on which we heard performed some brilliant and spirited music. There were many governesses present, and all who spoke to me of the Home spoke in the highest terms. A library and reading-room is shortly to be provided, to which ladies who wish to be quietly apart, either for reading or writing, can retire from the livelier drawing-room. But all are earnestly entreated to do what they can for the general happiness—to behave, in fact, with the courtesy and desire to please, which would be their duty if they were paying a visit to the house of a friend.

There is a lawn before the Home, and I saw two hammocks suspended to the branches of the trees, which looked tempting enough on a hot summer's day. Bath-chairs are provided daily for the use of those ladies who cannot walk far along the coast. By-and-by, as the place grows, there will be croquet and lawn-tennis grounds, and every facility provided for spending time pleasantly out of doors, the whole aim of the originators of the Home being to make it as home-like as possible. The gentlemen of the committee, who were with us, seemed to look upon their visitors as if they had been their own sisters or daughters.

Upon the ground lying between the two Homes there has been built, at the sole cost of one of the committee, a beautiful small church, bright with decorated walls and ceiling, with tessellated pavement and stained-glass windows, one of which is dedicated to the memory of Robert Donkyn, the unknown founder of the charity, and another to the memory of John Hyde is in preparation. There are comfortable arm-chairs instead of pews, but these, I am bound to confess, are appropriated to the men, the ladies having seats of a more ecclesiastical type at the back of them. In this little church simple services of the Church of England form are held, and though the benefits of the Homes are offered freely to members of every denomination without inquiry, each inmate is required to attend these services, and to refrain from going to any other place of worship during their stay, a rule most ladies would adhere to of their own will if visiting personal friends. Those who cannot conscientiously obey this regulation are requested not to apply for admission to the Home.

A few other rules have been drawn up by the committee, which "they deem necessary to lay down for the guidance of the patients, and most calculated to promote their welfare and happiness." At present there is room for twenty guests. If the difficulties that arise from bringing together so many ladies in that period of nervous irritability which so frequently follows sickness should not prove too great, there will probably be an



increase in the number as time goes by. The committee cordially invite ladies, but they must be persons of education and refinement, to avail themselves of their Home. Every expense is paid, including the journey from London and back again.\*

And now my pleasant task is done; a most welcome task to make known a charity and not appeal for funds to carry it on. No subscription can be received for the Convalescent Homes at Bognor. The old wooden houses of Elizabeth's time in Bishopsgate Street, the Minories, and Fleet

\* The Book of Rules and Regulations, and Forms of Application, can be obtained by writing to F. G. Faithfull, Esq., Merchant Taylors' Hall, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

Street, supplemented by the Corporate Funds, provide for these two spacious and almost sumptuous Homes on the seacoast. Robert Donkyn and John Hyde cast their little rafts on the increasing flood of poverty in their days, seeking to save a few of their troubled fellow-mortals. The flood has unhappily gone on growing, but the little rafts have become strong and permanent lifeboats, ready to rescue and carry back to land in safety the poor voyagers who have been well-nigh lost in the cruel storm of life. Nor are there yet wanting citizens of London who give their time, and wealth, and hearts to working "for God's glory, and for the benefit of their suffering fellow-creatures." HESBA STRETTON.

## THE HISTORICAL MSS. COMMISSION.

### I.

THIS Commission was appointed in April, 1869, to inquire what papers and manuscripts belonging to private individuals and institutions were extant which might be of utility in the illustration of history, constitutional law, science, and general literature. It was well known that in the muniment rooms of our great hereditary families there were stored up numberless documents of the utmost importance to the history of this nation. In many, if not in most, cases the undisturbed dust of ages lay upon these records; they were exposed to the perils of damp, fire, and vermin. It was no easy task to give them an intelligible arrangement or to decipher the handwritings of the past; and from these causes, probably, had originated, at least in some measure, the neglect with which their owners had treated them.

The value of such historic treasures has been proved by the labours of the Historical MSS. Commission in a way fitted to satisfy the most incredulous or the most exacting. In the eight Reports already issued we have a mass of information, throwing much light on the religious, moral, political, social, and literary history of this realm. Right nobly have our aristocracy and gentry, and various corporate bodies throughout the country, thrown open their archives for the inspection of the Commission. The number of collections examined now amounts to about 500.

When the work of the Commissioners began, it was little dreamed how extensive and rich was the field of investigation on which they had entered. They appointed a staff of "inspectors" to report on the papers and manuscripts submitted by various owners, and the results have proved how judicious and happy was the selection of these gentlemen. The welcome which greeted the "First Report of the Historical MSS. Commission" has been accorded to all its successors; nay, perchance it has grown more enthusiastic, for the greater bulk of the subsequent Reports must have tended to damp the ardour of all save true students

of history. The popularity of these blue books stands unique in the annals of such publications. Some of them have had to be reprinted, and most are now out of print. From the First Report, which comprised 133 pages folio, in double columns, small type, we see the gradual advance of the work, until it comes to be represented in the Eighth Report by nearly 1,200 pages folio, printed in like manner. Of this last Report a second edition had to be struck off a few weeks after the first had been published.

Nor is it in the United Kingdom alone that a deep interest has been taken in the work of this Commission. In foreign countries, likewise, we witness the same feeling, in proof of which it may suffice here to mention that Baron Fernand de Schickler printed in pamphlet form a series of articles contributed by him to the "Journal des Savants," these articles being a most minute analysis of everything bearing on French history which had appeared in the first six Reports of the Historical MSS. Commission.

It would weary our readers to give a list even of those individuals and institutions whose collections have been examined. This will be found prefixed to the appendix of the last Report, and contains the names of many of our leading nobility and gentry, as well as those of various colleges and corporations. The limits of this paper allow only a very rapid glance at some of the treasures that have been brought to light.

In the magnificent collection of the House of Lords some important discoveries have been made. Not the least curious are the letters seized in the cabinet of Charles I after the Battle of Naseby. Out of the 300 captured by Fairfax, only about thirty were ordered to be printed. These were considered the most damaging to Charles, the Parliament taking care to suppress those which might have excited sympathy for the defeated monarch. Many of the letters thus recovered are in cipher in the king's own hand, and are addressed to the queen. They are couched in the most affectionate terms.



In the House of Lords collection, also, was discovered the original ms. of the Book of Common Prayer, which was annexed to the Statute 13 and 14 Car. 2, c. 4. This had not been seen since 1824, and was supposed to have perished in the fire that destroyed the Houses of Parliament.

Another important relic of the first Charles was the original letter, wholly in his handwriting, addressed to the House of Lords on May 11th, 1641, recommending that the Earl of Strafford should be imprisoned for life rather than executed, "although he (the king) had satisfied the justice of the kingdom by the passing of the Bill of Attainder against the earl." To this letter is added the well-known postscript, "If he must Dey, it wer a Charitie to repryve untill Saterday."

We have also among these papers copies of the depositions taken in Edinburgh at the time of the supposed attempt to seize the Marquis of Hamilton and the Earls of Argyll and Lanark, known as "The Incident;" papers relating to Archbishop Laud's visitations; those telling of John Durye's mission to the Continent to effect a reconciliation between the Lutherans and Calvinists, amongst which are several drafts of letters from Laud in his own handwriting; many documents respecting different incidents in the Civil War, the Irish Rebellion, etc.; several petitions praying redress for punishments inflicted by the High Commission Court and Star Chamber; petitions of the regicides at the Restoration, evincing, amidst their proofs of terror, considerable ingenuity of excuse; and many other papers of general interest, throwing much light on the political and social condition of the country.

In looking at the various private collections described in the Reports of the Commission, we are confronted with a veritable *embarras de richesses*. Such a marvellous accumulation of really important materials for illustrating the divers aspects of our history was surely never presented in any other country, and still the Commissioners find that many similar stores of MSS. remain to be examined. Mr. Brewer gives a list of the Cecil Papers preserved at Hatfield House. In the Fourth Report we read: "The value and extent of this correspondence, to which every person of any note at the time contributed, may be judged by the fact that scarcely a day passes in any year, from the accession of Edward VI to the close of the century, which does not produce one or more letters connected with passing events, and generally from those whose rank and position enabled them to furnish the most secret and authentic intelligence. In these papers the history of the times writes itself off from day to day, and almost from hour to hour, with the minuteness of a daily journal, but with a precision to which no ordinary journal could make any pretence." Under these circumstances a mere list, such as that given by Mr. Brewer, was clearly most insufficient, and we are glad that the Marquis of Salisbury has agreed to let the Commissioners have a calendar prepared of his famous collection. In this calendar much progress has been made, and we shall look forward with great interest to its publication.

The muniments of the Duke of Marlborough

at Blenheim Palace are very numerous and important. Mr. A. J. Horwood has given an able report on these manuscripts, amongst which are included 300 letters of Anne as Princess and Queen to Sarah Lady Churchill, afterwards Countess and Duchess of Marlborough; letters of Queen Anne to the Duke; some original letters of Prince Eugène; letters to and from Richard Steele; a ms. copy of Addison's play, "Rosamond;" and thousands of letters to the Duke from crowned heads, foreign towns, and military and private persons from 1705 to 1719. The hold that Marlborough had obtained upon his royal mistress is seen in the following extract from a letter of the Queen to the Duke, dated Oct. 25, 1709:—

I saw very plainly your uneasiness at my refusing the mark of favour you desired, and believed from another letter I had from you on that subject, you fancied that advice came from Masham; but I do assure you you wrong her most extremely, for upon my word she knows nothing of it, as I told you in another letter; what I said was my own thoughts, not thinking it for your service or mine to do a thing of that nature; however, if when you come home you still continue in the same mind I will comply with your desire. You seem to be dissatisfied with my behaviour to the Duchess of Marlborough. I do not love complaining, but it is impossible to help saying on this occasion I believe nobody was ever so used by a friend as I have been by her ever since my coming to the Crown. I desire nothing but that she would leave off teasing and tormenting me, and behave herself with the decency she ought both to her friend and Queen, and this I hope you will make her do . . . Since I began this I have received yours by the Duke of Argyll, and have told him he shall have one of the vacant garters, and have enjoined him secrecy.

The ascendancy gained by the imperious Duchess over the mind of her Sovereign may be illustrated by another letter of Queen Anne written in 1707 or 1708, in which we read:—

I shall only just touch upon two things, the first is to what you say that it shews plainly by what the Duke of Marlborough says in the end of your letter he thinks he has not much credit with me; to this I answer I am of opinion, and so I believe all impartial people must be, that I have all my life given demonstration to the world he has a great deal of credit with me. The other is to beg you would not mention that person any more who you are pleased to call the object of my favour, for whatever character the malicious world may give her, I do assure you it will never have any weight with me, knowing she does not deserve it, nor I can never change the good impressions you once gave me of her, unless she should give me a cause, which I am very sure she never will. I have nothing further to trouble my dear Mrs. Freeman with at this time, but that whatever opinion she may have of me I will never deserve any that is ill, but will always be her faithful Morley.

The household books of the 16th and 17th centuries, preserved in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire at Bolton Abbey, abound in valuable information. Amongst his Grace's MSS. at Hardwicke is a letter, of the time of Elizabeth, full of interest, noticing the disgrace of Lord Buckhurst; telling of Sir Walter Raleigh's politic conduct at court; of Arabella Stuart's visit to court, and of the Queen's reserved, and Burghley's cordial behaviour to her, when he lauded her accomplishments in French, Italian, music, writing, and dancing, and wished she were 15 years old, "and with that rounded Mr. Rawley in the eare, who answered him it would be a happy thing." Among the valuable documents in the Phelps Collection

at Montacute House, were found, under the unpromising label "Law Papers," some original council letters, depositions of witnesses, and other important papers relating to the Gunpowder Plot. These were unknown to their proprietor, and had probably remained tied up since 1612. Transcripts of these documents have, by the liberal permission of their owner, been made, and deposited in the series of Gunpowder Plot papers in the Public Record Office.

A long series of rolls amongst the MSS. of the Duke of Northumberland affords us a picture of the way in which the 9th Earl of Northumberland passed the lengthened period of his captivity in the Tower. He seems to have lived there pretty much as he liked, directing the management of his estates, providing his own diet, receiving the visits of his family and friends, having the society of literati, and spending, perhaps ostentatiously in defiance of King James, large sums in the purchase of pipes and tobacco.

Amongst the various collections described in the Reports of the Commission may be seen letters of many illustrious English authors, as Johnson, Addison, Swift, Steele, Pope, Prior, Locke, and Gibbon. Among the MSS. of Sir Frederick Graham at Netherby, Mr. Horwood came upon a quarto volume, containing entries by several hands of extracts from Latin, French, and Italian writers. Among these was a short undated letter to John Milton from Henry Lawes. A careful examination of the volume proved that it was the (or a) common-place book of Milton, and the table at the end contained between 60 and 70 heads by Milton's hand.

Another discovery was made by Mr. R. B. Knowles, when engaged in examining the MSS. of Colonel Towneley, in Lancashire. This was the fact that Edmund Spenser was a scholar of Merchant Taylors', as proved by a folio volume in which are set down the disbursements for various purposes of the executors of Robert Nowell, of Gray's Inn, who died in 1569.

The reports of Mr. H. T. Riley on the archives of several of the colleges at Cambridge and Oxford are well worth an attentive perusal. We can do no more here but quote one or two of the curious entries from the Treasurer's Accounts. One of the items, under "Gonville and Caius," states, regarding Bishop Booth, of Exeter, that "he most disgracefully made away with the best cups and the best piece of silver plate, together with as much money as he could scrape together. As to what was afterwards restored, when he had reached a fatter preferment, we are in ignorance." Among the items of the accounts, preserved at Jesus College, Cambridge, are the following: "For the salary of Robert Palmer, Confessor of the ladies this year, as in divers preceding years, 6s. 8d. For the salary of Master John Herryson, chaplain, celebrating mass for the ladies the whole time of this account, 100s." In one of the books of New College, Oxford, we find amongst the lists of those who came on various days to dine with the fellows, three bedels, three carters, two stonemasons, one plumber, a farmer, two reeves, a paviour, three carpenters, a notary, a priest, a charcoal-burner,

four chaunters, the Warden's cook, two women, a marbler, two tilers, etc. One of the deeds preserved in the archives of St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford, shows the irregularities which were found in monastic life, and the care which was sometimes taken to correct them. We refer to the injunctions of William of Wykeham for reformation of disorders in the Priory of Selburne. These injunctions bear date 27 Sept. 1387. "1. The due observance of the hours and performance of masses. 2. Observance of the rule of silence. 3. The cloister not to be a thoroughfare for persons of both sexes. 4. The church doors to be closed in the evening. 5. Study of plain song and of the Holy Scriptures; the decretals concerning the order to be transcribed and publicly read. 6. The canonical dress to be received from the chamberlain in kind, not in money, and the old clothes to be given to the poor. 7. None to go (as they have been accustomed) beyond the convent precincts without leave or canonical companions. . . . 9. None to go to public hunts or keep hunting dogs. 10. None to be absent from services on pretence of convent business without leave. 11-15. Care of property, etc. 16. Chantry to be duly served. 17. Accustomed alms to be distributed. 18. Sick and weak brethren to have necessary food and medicine. 19. Punishments to be inflicted without respect of persons. . . . 27. None to wear precious furs or gathered ("nodulatis") sleeves, or silk girdles with gold or silver ornaments. 28. Offices to be discharged by those to whom they are committed. 29. None without cure of souls to administer Extreme Unction or the Holy Eucharist, or to solemnize marriage, without the consent of the parish priest. 30. Vestments and vessels, etc., of the church to be kept clean; wine for the altar to be good, not corrupt and sour, as it is wont to be. 31. Relics, vestments, vessels, and books not to be pawned; and those that are now in pawn to be recovered. 32. Leisure time to be spent in the cloister in the study of Holy Scripture and in meditation. 33. Parents and relations to be allowed to visit the brethren, and to be liberally received. 34. These injunctions to be written in a volume and read publicly twice in the year."

A MS. volume, "Sir Edward Southcote's Memoirs," is preserved in the library of the Dominican monastery at Woodchester, near Stroud. This volume contains details of the adventures of Sir Edward's father, Sir John, at the time of the Civil War. Following these particulars, we have a graphic and curious account of the "magnificent way" in which the writer's grandfather lived at Standon. For a most minute description of domestic life in the beginning of the seventeenth century, we would call attention to the orders set down by Lady Berkeley for the management of her household. These are to be found in the report on the MSS. of Mr. R. Cholmondeley, of Condonover Hall, Shropshire. In Viscount Dillon's collections we have some illustrations of the amusements of the period given us in the letters of Charles II. and the Duke of York to the Countess of Lichfield, daughter of Charles. The Duke tells his niece, "the Duchess plays often at bassett,

my daughter dances country dances, which the Duchess cannot yet do, her leg not being quite well enough for that." In the abstract of another letter by the Duke we read: "Was fox-hunting yesterday. Very little company till the last day or two. The Duchess and his daughter had been twice to see the cockfighting." Amongst the reports from the facile pen of Mr. J. Cordy Jeaffreson, who was well fitted to sketch for us the municipal and social customs of our forefathers, we note his accounts of the MSS. belonging to Chester and Leicester. The former consist of 61 charters and letters patent, beginning with Henry the Second's writ of licence to the citizens of Chester to trade in Durham as they were wont to do in the time of Henry the First; 550 books and upwards of 500 letters and notes covering the period from the time of Henry VIII to the time of George I, and copious accumulations of court rolls and files. The embarrassments and misadventures necessarily arising from the difficulties of intercommunication between England and Ireland are vividly suggested by Richard Gardener's letter (dated 7 June, 1598, and marked on the cover, "Haste, haste; poste haste"), urgently requesting the Mayor of Chester to forward all despatches for the Irish Government resting in his hands to Holyhead, where "there shalbe a boate ready attending to bringe them ouer by tyding and other paynes of rowing, although the wyndes should contynue contrarye."

Few English boroughs possess an assemblage of records so rich in important evidences and pleasant memorials of old English manners as are the MSS. of Leicester. These comprise charters and letters patent, the earliest of which were dated in the twelfth century; guild rolls whose first entries were made in the time of Richard I; instruments of various kinds illustrating the careers of Simon de Montfort and the most famous of his Plantagenet successors in the earldom of Leicester; divers financial records; many hundreds of deeds, municipal or private; ninety-four MS. volumes or folios of collected MSS.; and a large quantity of correspondence and official literature relating to the sixteenth and two following centuries. In his report on the MSS. of the Earl of Portsmouth, Mr. Jeaffreson has described several documents of great interest relating to the earl's collateral ancestor, the illustrious Sir Isaac Newton. We must content ourselves with a mere mention of Mr. R. B. Knowles's admirable report on the muniments of the Earl of Denbigh, with its carefully-written Introduction, and also of the report by the same gentleman on the magnificent collection of the Earl of Ashburnham. Nor must we forget the report by Mr. L. O. Pike on the MSS. of the Duke of Manchester, recently deposited by his Grace in the Public Record Office. Mr. Pike has given an able and elaborate summary of the contents of this collection, and his Introduction deserves special attention. The following extracts from letters to the Duke of

Manchester, who was ambassador in Paris at the time of the negotiations for peace in 1783, show the reluctance of George III to make the customary presents to the ambassadors of the foreign Powers concerned:

"I had the King's commands," writes the Duke of Portland, "to write to you to know the *value* of the present you had received from His Most Christian Majesty, as well as of those which have been given to the Ambassadors and Ministers of the mediating Powers, and to your Secretary, to whom I think you say that a snuff-box has been or is intended to be presented in the French King's name. I am also commanded to inform you that His Majesty sat yesterday for his picture, and to observe to you that in *this* country it is necessary to bespeak the ornamental part of *these trifles*, and that our workmen who are attentive to the finishing of their work require time for that purpose. I tell you *in confidence* that His Majesty expresses his particular reluctance at being obliged to make these presents on *this* occasion in addition to that which he feels generally at this mode of disposing of his money. His wish is that the presents to each of the Ambassadors, and M. de Vergennes, should not exceed 1,000*l.* each, and that those to the Russian Plenipotentiaries should be of an inferior value. He was very indecisive upon the propriety of making any present to M. de Vergennes's Secretary, but upon that much will depend upon what is done by the other Powers. My own opinion is clear that if the presents from our Court are not equal to those of the Courts of France and Spain, it would be infinitely better to make none at all, and that it never can be worth a saving of 2,000*l.* or 3,000*l.* to act shabbily in trifles which notwithstanding reflect upon the national character. I therefore desire you would not keep anything back for the purpose of gratifying a certain *petitesse d'esprit*, which, perhaps, disposes me to be more out of humour than the thing is worth."

Fox seems to have held the same views upon this subject, though he puts the matter somewhat differently:

I have not seen the Duke of Portland since I received your private letter of the 30th, relative to the presents made to the Duchess of Manchester, and consequently can say nothing to it, as everything relating to presents has passed between him and the King. Indeed, I wished it should be so, because I felt myself awkward in recommending expenses which I did not know whether the Treasury were able to pay. I am for doing the whole as magnificently as possible, and, if the Duke of Portland can find money, I believe he is of the same opinion.

In a previous letter he, like the Duke of Portland, laments the king's "awkwardness upon these little matters."

Many of the collections in the Reports of the Historical MSS. Commission are rich in newsletters, containing the gossip of courts and camps and coffee-houses; throwing light on countless international complications, court intrigues, and diplomatic machinations; giving minutiae of conspiracies, thrilling details of civil war, and traits of popular character at home and abroad; but these deeply-interesting records we can only refer to, and leave the lover of history to ponder their contents at his leisure.

Of the Scotch treasures explored, we may speak in another paper.

E. G. A.



## SUSSEX MARRIAGES.

BY THE REV. JOHN COKER EGERTON, M.A., RECTOR OF BURWASH.

IN his interesting papers on Old Marriage Customs, Mr. Thiselton Dyer derives from ancient Rome many of the marriage observances which were quite common in England within the last century. In his chapter on Roman Marriage Customs he begins with the preliminary stage of matrimony, viz., the betrothal or engagement, which he tells us was regarded quite as a solemn act, and was attended with various ceremonies. Here he starts with a clear advantage over any one who undertakes to describe Sussex marriage customs within the last century. We do not wish to underrate the solemnity of the act of betrothal on the part of Sussex young men and maidens, but the various ceremonies connected with the act have not been reduced to such a uniform system as to admit of exact description. Inasmuch, however, as we have never heard of the betrothals or engagements of our young people being prevented, or even seriously hindered, by ignorance of the proper ceremonies, we imagine that our young folk with their native independence invent ceremonies for themselves. The ceremonies doubtless vary according to the nature of the case and the temperament of the inventors, but at any rate they are sufficient for the purpose. On this point, therefore, we must yield to the Romans, as we have little to say.

The Romans, however, in their turn, must fairly yield to us in another preliminary of marriage, viz., the publication of banns. They could not have had, I am sure, any ceremony at all equivalent to that to which I used to listen with doubtful interest forty years ago in St. Pancras Church, in London, when probably five minutes were occupied every Sunday morning in a monotonous gabble of "Also between Thomas Brown, bachelor, and Mary Ann Green, spinster, both of this parish," and thirty or forty more bachelors and spinsters, utterly unknown to every member of the congregation. In country churches where the persons "asked" are better known to their fellow-parishioners, an occasional interest is given to the ceremony of "asking" by the forbidding of the banns. I have never myself heard banns forbidden, but a friend has told me that on the day on which his own banns were published in a church in Scotland the names also of another couple were proclaimed, whereupon a shrill voice was heard to declare from the other end of the building, "I winna hae that marriage of James Lowrie." I gathered also from my friend that after service a young woman was seen in the vestry accepting as a compensation for slighted affections the exact sum of seven shillings and sixpence. I have often wondered how such a precise amount could have been arrived at as a satisfaction for a broken heart, but it has sometimes occurred to me that possibly the rejected maiden might have demanded ten shillings, and that the

half-crown was the largest abatement from the sum asked to which she would submit.

Our own parish church has, however, been the witness within the memory of man, not, it is true, of a forbidding of banns, but of an attempt to prevent the marriage ceremony itself, which, as an instance of persistency on the part of a rejected admirer, has, I imagine, been rarely surpassed. The disappointed suitor followed the young woman and his more fortunate rival into the church, addressing the bride-elect from time to time in piteous tones, "Say 'No,' Martha; say 'No,' Martha;" and this he continued till the crucial question was put, "Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?" As soon as the fatal words, "I will," had passed the bride's lips, instead of the "No," which he had fondly hoped for, he turned away and left the church.

In connection with the publication of banns I have heard from a brother clergyman an incident, the truth of which internal evidence may be said to guarantee, inasmuch as it seems beyond the power of invention. The good old minister of whom it was told always used to have the book containing the banns put on the reading-desk just at his right hand. One Sunday morning he began as usual, "I publish the banns of marriage between—" and putting down his hand in all confidence for the book, found to his dismay that it was not there. In his nervousness, while searching for the missing register, he kept on repeating the formula, "I publish the banns of marriage between—" "I publish the banns of marriage between—" till at last the clerk from beneath, in sheer pity, came to the rescue, with a suggestion whispered loudly enough to be heard all over the church, "between the cushion and the desk, sir." The book had simply slipped under the cushion; the result of the accident was a publication of banns which I should imagine to be unique.

Among our less educated folk there still lingers a superstition that it is unlucky for young people to hear their own banns published, for fear lest their firstborn child should be deaf and dumb; but though it fell to my lot even to publish my own banns, no evil consequences have ensued. One difficulty connected with this preliminary ceremony is undoubtedly that of residence. It seems clearly understood that during the "asking" the persons "asked" should reside in the parish in which they are "asked;" but when the question arises, "What is residence?" ideas become very hazy and indefinite. Hiring a room for the time is looked upon, I imagine, as ample compliance with the law, quite independently of any occupation of the room; but a stocking or a glove left in a friend's cottage is, I fear, not infrequently held to justify its owner in asserting residence, or the friend in asserting residence for the owner.

Unhappily, however, legal fictions are in many ways so common, that such an one as this is not considered by any means a serious instance of the kind.

The Marriage Service itself used to be far more productive of scenes than it is now, and education is doing much to secure outward decorum, at any rate, during the ceremony. Occasionally, however, still, one's nerves are sorely taxed by things said and done under the combined influence of nervousness, ignorance, and shyness. I did not argue much good from the preliminary questions of a "hopper," who stopped me in the village street one Saturday evening after dark, and said, "Please, sir, can you ask me twice one Sunday?" meaning, I suppose, at morning and afternoon service both. "No, friend," I replied, "I can't do that." Then, after a pause, "Please, sir, can you marry me the same Sunday I'm asked out?" was his next inquiry. I was obliged, of course, to say that I could not accommodate him even in this way. "But," I added, "what makes you in such a hurry?" "Well, you see, sir," he said, "we're hoppers, and we don't want to be stopping about here after hops are done." I agreed to marry them at eight o'clock on the Monday morning after they were "out-asked," and they accordingly presented themselves. All went well for a time, till suddenly the bridegroom put his head between his hands, began to cry, and walked away to the other end of the church. The bride did not look as much surprised as I should have expected, and the groomsman, another huge "hopper," seemed barely surprised at all. Seeing, however, that his mate showed no signs of coming back, he turned half round and called out with a loud voice, "Come, Joe, be a man; stand up like a man, Joe." Upon this Joe slowly returned and stood up and said what was necessary. He went away again, but not till the essential part of the service was finished. After the service I asked the clerk what the meaning of this behaviour was. I thought it must have been that the man was worse for drink, but the explanation was, that he had not long buried his first wife, and that he was overcome by his feelings.

A friend of mine in the next parish but one told me some years ago of a wedding experience which happened to him, and in which I sincerely hope that he kept his countenance. The couple being married was a specially rustic one; it was the winter-time, and the bridegroom had a bad cold; he had managed with a sad snuffle to say the words in a fashion after the clergyman till the betrothal; but then, having both hands occupied in holding the ring on the bride's finger, and fearing probably that if he let go he should invalidate the ceremony, he felt the coming difficulty, and so, "while waiting to be taught by the priest," instead of beginning, "With this ring I thee wed," he turned round to his groomsman, and said, in the most matter-of-fact voice, "Wipe my noase for me, will 'ee, Bill?"

Latterly, however, as I have already said, I have rarely had any reason to be nervous about the conduct of persons who come to be married. I have noticed that the woman is generally better

prepared with the responses and other particulars of the service than the man, though the difficulty of giving the right hand seems the greater with the woman; and the combinations of left with right, left with left, right with left, are often exhausted before right meets right. The reason I have imagined to be that the woman comes to church so impressed with the necessity of offering the left hand for the ring, that the preliminary need of the right hand confuses her. However, in the vestry the woman is often triumphant, and writes her name when the man is content with a mark. Sussex, indeed, in respect of women's signatures in the marriage register, has, I believe for many years, stood second among all the counties in England.

But apart from the particular instance of the marriage ceremony, in few things is the difference between old and new Sussex more marked than in matters connected with our churches and church services. Isolated as our parishes are, undisturbed as they used to be by any public opinion other than that which existed within their own borders, accustomed as they were to their own clergyman, and with rare exceptions to him only, things were said and done by clergymen and by parish clerks in former days, and done without attracting any special notice, which would now immediately furnish paragraphs for the local newspapers, and through them for newspapers all over the kingdom. I once myself heard a Sussex clerk, in the service for the Queen's Accession, take upon himself to substitute, as more suitable for the occasion, the words, "And blessed be the name of her Majesty for ever, and all the earth shall be filled with her Majesty," for the original words of the Psalmist.

The following is from West Sussex: Many years ago there lived in that part of the county a nobleman who was very fond of animals of all kinds, and among his lordship's pets was a tame wolf. Early one Sunday morning a servant came in to say that the wolf seemed very ill. His lordship, not knowing what else to do, sent off a groom at once with a note to a neighbouring clergyman, who was noted for his skill in treating all diseases of dumb animals, asking him to come over and see the wolf as soon as he could. The clergyman, so the story goes, and I have heard the story told in such very different quarters that I think there must be at least a foundation of truth in it, gave some instructions to his clerk. These instructions the worthy clerk very possibly translated into the language which he thought likely to be best "understood of the people," but at any rate, before the last hymn at Morning Prayer, he made the following announcement to the congregation: "I hereby give notice that there won't be no service in this church this afternoon, 'cause master's gooin' to bleed his lordship's 'oolf." A share of this good clergyman's veterinary skill would have prevented much suffering on the part of a poor Indian cow with the orthodox hump, which was some years ago sent over from the East to a friend of my own. My friend, wishing to know how the animal was going on, wrote to inquire of the farm bailiff who had charge of it. The answer was "that they hoped that the cow

was better, but that in coming down in the train, she had caught a hurt which had rose a hump on her back; they had been blistering it ever since, and they hoped it had gone down—a little."

But this by the way, and with an apology to parish clerks for the digression. Our late clerk used to tell me of a curious incident, which he himself well remembered. A child is entered in our register as baptized in the names "Samuel Orange" as Christian names. This, he said, was a compromise, the names desired by the sponsors being "Oranges and Lemons." The curate, however, resisted, on the not unreasonable ground that "Oranges and Lemons" were not Christian names. A consultation was held, but the curate was firm, and "Samuel Orange" were the names eventually given.

Our parish clerk and sexton aforesaid, whose direct ancestors had held these offices since 1728, had in his own day witnessed many changes of manners and customs connected with the church and churchyard. He had himself, he told me, kept watch for two nights over the grave of a man who had died of some disease sufficiently unusual to have attracted a party of body-snatchers from a distance, with a view of procuring an interesting subject for the dissecting-room. Nor was this the only instance even within the memory of man, of the appointment of a "body-guard" to protect the grave of a parishioner who had had the misfortune to die of some other than a common-place ailment. In our churchwardens' accounts, as long ago as 1675, I find a charge for "watching the church" when a Mr. Cason was buried, but what this watching was for is not said. In the same year there is an item of 1s. 6d. "expended in numbering the people," a charge certainly not exorbitant, if the population was anything like the 2,285 of which it consisted in 1881. I do not know that extracts from the parochial accounts of a wild country parish, when those accounts are not more than 200 years old, can be very interesting to extra parochial readers. I think, however, that from our books I can produce an instance of fixity of prices, at any rate as regards the nominal amount, which has possibly escaped the notice of political economists and statisticians. In 1676 the parish, "for washing the surplice three times—" possibly before the "three times at least" administration of the Holy Communion—paid three shillings. In 1876 the incumbent for each washing of the surplice paid 1s., so that for 200 years the charge, nominally at least, has been stationary. The vicar's dinner at the visitation in those days cost 2s., and the parish paid for it—a fact the recurrence of which I own that I cannot personally call "a recollection," but those were times in which the destruction of foxes at 1s., and of hedgehogs at 2d. a head, "whipping disorderly boys and dogs during divine service" at 10s. per annum, and various other charges, were uncomplainingly borne by the church-rate. What accident rendered an hour-glass for the pulpit neces-

sary twice in four years I cannot say, but the charge for each was 8d. In our list of customary fees, dated 1750, I find the entry of a 10s. fee for an ordinary funeral sermon—an entry followed by the somewhat singular addition. "Text chosen by friends of deceased," £1. This extra payment assumed I suppose that a fresh text might involve the preacher in the labour of a fresh sermon—an admission which bespoke probably small hope of novelty for 10s. I can only trust that 10s. funeral sermons were more effective than a farewell sermon which I preached on leaving my London curacy, and which I wrote for that occasion only, and to which a parishioner alluded a day or two afterwards in the touching words, "Ah, sir, I heard your farewell sermon—and I—nearly shod a tear."

Our district is, I think I may say, essentially Puritan in its Church views. The Mayfield burnings during the Marian persecution are not yet forgotten, and a cottager in my own parish is daily reminded of them by a "fire-back" which faces him every time he looks to his fire. These "fire-backs" are plates of iron placed behind our "down" fires, or fires on the hearth, to keep the brands from the wall and to throw out the heat. These plates, cast in olden days at our local forges, have on them occasionally very quaint devices, and on the one of which I am now speaking there are the figures of a man and a woman chained back to back to a stake, and surrounded by most palpable cast-iron flames. What wonder if the owner of such a historical record should be inclined, however unreasonably, to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, and to feel that the less any form of religion has in common with the one to whose deeds of more than three hundred years ago his iron plate testifies, the truer it must be? People have long abandoned the argument of force and the logic of persecution, in this country at least. It must be added that the ideas of our people about the Church of Rome are as a rule most vague. One good old body, whom I knew well, having received a visit from the wife of a Bishop of our Church who was staying in the parish, took great pains to inform her friends that "The Pope's wife" had been to see her. Another good Protestant cottager, evidently ill-informed on the subject of "Catholicism," said to me one day, "A curious sort of religion, sir, this Catholic religion, isn't it? They tell me that a man keeps 'pooking' (i.e. pushing) a lot of beads over his shoulder, while the parson keeps all on a-preaching." Without entering upon the question of the creeds or other tests of "Catholicity," I was at any rate able to assure him that his views of the "Catholic religion" were, to say the least, inadequate. Since the establishment of a convent in the Abbey at Mayfield, and the foundation of two orphanages at no great distance from that village, and since the settlement of several wealthy Roman Catholic families in our neighbourhood, we have been brought into closer contact with Roman Catholicism.



## THE KINGS OF LAUGHTER.

BY THE REV. E. FAXTON HOOD.

### IV.—THE LOGICAL AND DETECTIVE POWER OF LAUGHTER.

THE designation of this paper follows very naturally from many of the topics and illustrations which have already passed in review before us. The influence of laughter, especially by satire, in remoulding and changing manners and opinions, leads to observation on the logic of wit perhaps it is the most forcible logic ever wielded; it will dash down immense piles of scholastic reasoning and rhetoric with a single blow. With a blow? nay, sometimes with a breath; for it is often pleasant to see how wit will play and trifle with a time-sanctified error, and in this way wit has done good service to manners, morals, and opinions. In England we know little of the fierceness of the Italian pasquinade, or the ebullition of political fervour and vehemence in French songs and theatrical performances. Where expression may be freely indulged it does not seek vent in innuendoes and caricatures; it does not make subterfuges of words, and with a tremendous and fearful hand sketch shadowy pictures to the eye. The logic of satire has often been fed on fear.

We may speak of the wit of Macaulay as frequently thus keenly logical; that is, he gives his reasons, he states his objections, he sums his arguments in brief and powerful antithetical language—and antithesis, in some form or other, is the soul of all wit. Frequently, in his pages, the antithetical temper is carried to paradox. He delights in taking that view of a question which presents the greatest number of contrarieties, or which is, perhaps, itself a great contrariety; and frequently, in his hands, even the paradox is irresistible. This is the characteristic of his oratory. Upon a paradox he will hang an argument; this is the source of those defects which mark his brilliant writings, this is the hinge upon which many of the noblest passages of his works, his most gorgeous descriptions, turn, the antithesis of character, the antithesis of expression. He uses it as a foil to bring out, very frequently, the story he wishes to relate. There is scarcely a great paper, or a great passage in his essays or in his history, but it derives its strength and force from this vivid perception of contraries. The reader who would see this illustrated, may find it in his "Comparative Analysis of the Platonic and Baconian Philosophy," his criticism upon the "Machiavelian Philosophy," his noble characterisation of the Puritans, and the delineation of the relative empires of the Papal and the Protestant faiths.

Our readers will notice how this elegant writer employs the antithetical weapon. He thus draws a comparison between the philosophy of Bacon and of Epictetus: "We have sometimes thought that an amusing fiction might be written in which a disciple of Epictetus and a disciple of Bacon

should be introduced as fellow-travellers. They come to a village where the smallpox has just begun to rage, and find houses shut up, intercourse suspended, the sick abandoned, mothers weeping in terror over their children. The stoic assures the dismayed population that there is nothing bad in the smallpox, and that, to a wise man, disease, deformity, death, the loss of friends, are not evils. The Baconian takes out a lancet and begins to vaccinate. They find a body of miners in great dismay. An explosion of noisome vapours has just killed many of those who were at work, and the survivors are afraid to enter into the cavern. The stoic assures them that such an accident is nothing but a mere casualty. The Baconian, who has no such fine word at his command, contents himself with devising a safety-lamp. They find a shipwrecked merchant wringing his hands on the shore. His vessel, with an inestimable cargo, has just gone down, and he is reduced from opulence to beggary. The stoic exhorts him not to seek happiness in things which lie without himself, and repeats a whole chapter of Epictetus. The Baconian constructs a diving-bell, goes down in it, and returns with the most precious effects from the wreck. It would be easy to multiply illustrations of the difference between the philosophy of thorns and the philosophy of fruit, the philosophy of words and the philosophy of works."

But sometimes we have this logic of characterisation in a line or two. There are many instances in which he thus profiles his contemporaries. "Dr. Southey has two faculties which were never, we believe, vouchsafed in a measure so copious to any human being—the faculty of believing without a reason, and the faculty of hating without a provocation." Of poor Robert Montgomery, who long survived the scalping-knife of his critic, Lord Macaulay assures us "that his writings bear the same relation to poetry that a Turkey carpet bears to a picture. There are colours in the Turkey carpet, out of which a picture might be made. There are words in Mr. Montgomery's writings which, when disposed in certain orders and combinations, have made, and will make again, poetry. But as they now stand, they seem to be put together, on principle, in such a manner as to give no images of anything 'in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.'" Throughout the criticism, the works of Robert Montgomery are characterised as belonging to "the Turkey carpet school of literature."

In the same antithetical manner Macaulay tells us that "society is constantly advancing in knowledge. The tail is now where the head was some generations ago. But the head and tail still keep their distance."

All these illustrations belong to what may be called the logical and detective power of laughter. Thus we are again reminded that ridicule is a logician. It is true it indulges for the most part in analogy rather than induction; but analogy is comprehended by thousands to whom the ratiocative method would be obscure, and therefore teachers who would be successful in their mission to the people should arm themselves with cheerful, obvious, and homely illustrations.

Douglas Jerrold has ridiculed the pedantry, and mock wisdom, and idle affectation of a certain class of expositors, by saying, "Commentators are the worthy folk that too often write on books as men with diamonds write on glass, obscuring light with scratches." George Canning ridiculed, with a pre-eminently happy audacity of irony, Warburton and his followers in the "vapid school of criticism;" and only vain self-love can blind many a modern editor or commentator to his likeness mirrored in the following paragraph, which is the exegesis of what he chooses to call the opening of the epic poem:—

" 'The queen of hearts  
She made some tarts,  
All on a summer's day.

'All on a summer's day.' I cannot leave this line without remarking that one of the Scribleri, a descendant of the famous Martinus, has expressed his suspicions of the text being corrupted here, and proposes, instead of 'All on,' reading 'Alone,' alleging in favour of this alteration the effect of solitude in raising the passions. But Hiccius Doctius, a High Dutch commentator, one nevertheless well versed in British literature, in a note of his usual length and learning, has confuted the arguments of Scriblerus. In support of the present reading he quotes a passage from a poem written about the same period with our author's by the celebrated Johannes Pastores (most commonly known as Jack Sheppard), entitled 'An Elegiac Epistle to the Turnkey of Newgate,' wherein the gentleman declares that—rather, indeed, in compliance with an old custom than to gratify any particular wish of his own—he is going

'All hanged for to be  
Upon that fatal Tyburn tree.

Now, as nothing throws greater light on an author than the occurrence of a contemporary writer, I am inclined to Hiccius's opinion, and to consider the 'all' as an elegant expletive, or, as he more aptly phrases it, 'Elegans expletivum.'

This is from the pages of the "Anti-Jacobin," which is more replete with clever mockeries of the sonorous inanities and magnificent bathos of certain writers of that time than anything to which we could readily refer.

Rabelais was, and is, the great master of this logic of wit. To those who can read him, certainly his apologies and allegories, satires and pasquinades, puns, clenches, conundrums, and quibbles are inexhaustible. But the more his humour is conspicuous, the greater is the regret

that it is hopelessly mingled with a coarseness that pains and repels the pure mind.

The curate of a small parish, he yet had numerous opportunities of knowing the world, and he laughed most heartily at much he knew. To him the transactions of his time appeared admirably ridiculous; that stabbers and bandit should call themselves kings and princes—that ignorant priests, doctors, and magicians should palm themselves upon mankind, and make men worship and pay homage to their superstitions and quackeries—that harlots of princes should command the souls and the property of the nation, and vicious friars should spawn their uncleanness and impiety upon the people—all this was to Rabelais exquisitely ludicrous, and he burst forth in a roar of riotous laughter; but beneath that laughter the thoughtful will not fail to note that sadness must have originated such a vehement passion of merriment—a sympathy with deluded and misused humanity; beneath those turbid heavings of humour how profound must have been the emotions of compassion and scorn! Nowhere else in literature do we so clearly perceive the meaning of the word satirist—*Satyr*-ist, as applied to wit. The writings of Rabelais create a *Pan*-ic in the understanding. Kings, queens, cardinals, and nobles, he tumbles them about with elfish caprice; he inverts all dignities and honours, and treats the tyrants of the earth as so many mischievous children. In him and his writings we see the meaning of the significant Grecian mythology, which represented beautiful Nature itself as a combination of discordances. Pan piping to the shepherds was musical, humorous, and prophetic; yet, with cloven feet, and hairy, like a goat, in Pan were united foul lust and human, nay, celestial beauty. This was a satyr; and here are not only the etymology of names, but the original of emotions and things. Mysterious fear, and awe, and madness thus came to be named *Panic*; and Rabelais, we say, is this being. Combinations meet, in these books, of purity in the idea and uncleanness in the utterance; the foul expression was a veil to conceal from the eyes of brutal and licentious priests a sentiment they would not have cared to comprehend—a sentiment which might have been dangerous to the life of an author. The life of Rabelais was held together by jokes and witticisms reflecting on the follies of his time, but more especially the religious follies.

"Pantagruel" cannot be understood without an intimate knowledge of the times in which Rabelais wrote; it is full of allusions to circumstances of local occurrence but of universal interest. In the prologue to the Third Book he tells a comical tale of Diogenes, whom he seems not a little to have admired and resembled, who, seeing the people of Corinth all very busy in preparations for war, and himself not invited to help them, rolled and tossed about his tub, that he might not be said to be idle; and to this he likens his book. "For," said he, "I held it not a little disgraceful to be an idle spectator of so many valorous, eloquent, and valiant persons who, in the view and sight of all Europe, act this notable interlude, or tragic comedy." This notable cir-

cumstance was the holding the Council of Trent, and this alone is a key to many of the characters of the volume.

There was a method in the mirth of this wonderful French curate, although few dug the metal from the mine. No wonder that his friends wept round his death-bed, and still less wonder that he turned, even there, a merry face upon them, and said, "Ah, you rogues! If I were to die ten times over, I should never make you cry half so much as I have made you laugh."

Swift is our English Rabelais, and perhaps the logic of wit blaze more in his writings than in any of the writings of the school. For muscular energy and force, his works are unequalled, but the view he takes of the affairs of this world is misanthropic. To him there is no higher light or law than the understanding; he is therefore only a satirist. All his powers are wielded to crush, never to build; he has a keener eye for the deformities than for the harmonies of mankind. The roughness of his mind usually held him captive; although he was not wanting in tenderness, he never manifested it in anything that fell from his pen. Coarseness is his perpetual fault, but it must be admitted that every kind of wit is laid under contribution by him. In the travels of Gulliver to Liliput the logic of irony is employed to ridicule the presumptuous dogmatism of little men on great things. In the travels to Brobdingnag the same weapons are used to exhibit the folly of the employment of great powers and mental gifts upon trifling occupations; and still better in the "Battle of the Books," the disputes of learning are held up to the lightnings of satire. Swift clothed all he advanced in a vesture of such apparent reality, that it is difficult sometimes to resist the impression that even in the most fictitious narratives he is describing real circumstances. Never was so rich a hoax palmed upon man as his prophecy that Partridge, a celebrated almanack-maker, quack, and astrologer, would die upon a certain day: he published this prophecy under the name of Bickerstaff. This was followed by an account of the death of the poor quack, written with extreme gravity and seriousness. Partridge was not minded to be dispatched thus; he replied to the account, asserting his existence, and treating this Isaac Bickerstaff rather roughly. Swift replied again; in an ingenious and most ludicrous paper he sets forth a number of quirkish reasons to prove that Partridge must be dead, and lastly argues, with the most ridiculous ingenuity, that the quack's own testimony to his existence cannot be for a moment admitted, as he was too notorious a liar to be entitled to belief on so important a point. These papers, with several other similar ones, were intended as severe strokes upon the follies of the age.

All the tales of Voltaire may be classified beneath the logic of wit, many of them, indeed, extravagant and satiric, and therefore far from the highest order of wit. Of his place in the graver controversies of his age we do not now speak, nor of his lamentable error in confounding Christianity with its perverted forms. Voltaire more closely resembled Swift than Swift resembled Rabelais; and both in the short, smart, allegorical stories, and

the more lengthy and seriously planned fictions, alike in his prose or his verse, except when he becomes dramatic, his genius resembles the Dean's. "Micromegas," in something the same fashion, but in a more condensed manner, teaches the same lesson for which Gulliver set forth on his travels. The "Candide" perpetually reminds of "The Tale of a Tub" and the "Battle of Books." The characters of the two men, in mere personal individuality, resembled each other. They neither of them were hearty believers, but both hearty haters. They were both dark, fierce, and misanthropic spirits; the influence of both was imperial; they were both monarchs more truly than any princes of their age. They were both the creatures of pique and caprice, both as tetchy, as irritable, as spoiled children. In definite, mental character Voltaire appears to have had the most enlarged knowledge, Swift the most enlarged wisdom; Voltaire approached nearest to the wit, and Swift nearest to the humorist; but to both, notwithstanding the force and fulness of the latter, the character of the satirist almost exclusively belongs. They both had a downright way of talking; earnestness in either we think is to be looked for in vain. But both determined to make their readers understand them.

In seeking for forcible expressions, it has very usually been the case that language has been employed, by the professors of satire and humour, most unclean and depraving. There are few of the classic authors of England against whom this charge may not, with perfect justice, be brought. It is pre-eminently true of all those whose names we have quoted. Our own times have indeed given birth to another race—men who have cultivated force of thought and felicity of language without the gross licence of other days. The improvement of the age shows itself in the literature as well as in the customs and manners of the nations. What once would have pleased the highest classes is now scarcely tolerated by the lowest grades of society. But these men—satirists of manners and thoughts, logicians of wit and humour—wrought no small work for the rectification of judgments. They presented Nature distorted to the eyes of their readers, in order that they might more clearly present to them the more solemn pictures of mental and moral incongruities.

Shall we cite yet a few other instances of the detective power of ridicule? Thus we read of Louis XIV. The remains of Molière, as an actor and playwright, were refused burial in consecrated ground. The friends of Molière were in despair; they sought the interference of his great friend the king. The king sent for the Archbishop of Paris. The archbishop was one of the most dissolute and depraved men of the city. The king remonstrated with the prelate; he was inflexible. At last his majesty thought of an expedient which compromised the delicate question; he demanded to know the exact depth of consecrated earth. The archbishop was puzzled, but not liking to acknowledge doubt or ignorance, answered, after a little hesitation, "Twelve feet." "It is well," replied the monarch; "let the grave of Molière be dug fourteen feet deep, and thus all difficulties



are got over." But another anecdote turns the banter against the king. Louis XIV showed to Boileau d'Espreaux some of his own royal versification; the king asked the poet what he thought of the composition, and he replied, in words of satire rarely excelled, "Nothing, sire, is impossible to your majesty; you wished to make bad verses, and you have succeeded."

And this method of the detective power of wit continues, and gives point to a good many sly stories and sharp allusions in the columns of our papers.

The logic of irony, as we have said, has no slight influence in bringing into light the absurdities and conventionalisms of society. Take this for instance: one of the toasts proposed at the Conservative Dinner at Covent Garden was, "Our Ancient Institutions." Punch, most probably by the pen of Thackeray, very much questions if those who drank it knew what they were about. He would ask whether, when Our Ancient Institutions were drunk, the company had any idea of what they swallowed? Because, if not, he begs to tell them—and, in case they are jolly fellows, the information may be worth having—that the said toast may be very advantageously subdivided into several others, which, celebrated with a bumper each, would go far to make any gentleman comfortable. He will just mention a few:—

"The Forest Laws."

"The Feudal System: with the Power of Pit and Gallows."

"Trial by Battle and Ordeal;" which last toast might be coupled with "Speed the hot Ploughshare."

"The application of Dental Surgery, for the increase of the Crown Revenue, to Gentlemen of the Hebrew Persuasion."

"The Statute De Hæretico Comburendo."

"Ditto, against Witchcraft."

"The Star Chamber."

"The 'Peine Forte et Dure;' and Examination by Torture."

"Hanging, Drawing, and Quartering."

"The Penal Laws, with the Test and Corporation Acts."

"The good old Criminal Code, with its punishment of Death for stealing a yard of muslin."

Sydney Smith wielded this logic of wit with singular power. Curt, smart, and unanswerable fell his blows. Thus, on the wants of Ireland, "What," says he, "is the object of all good government? The object of all good government is roast mutton, potatoes, a stout constable, an honest justice, a clean highway, a free chapel. What trash to be bawling in the streets about the Green Isle, and the Isle of the Ocean, and the bold anthem of 'Erin-go-Bragh!' A better anthem would be Erin-go-bread-and-cheese! Erin-go-cabins that keep out the rain! Erin-go-breeches without holes in them!" This to be sure does not settle the Irish question, but the logic of wit is usually the logic of common sense too. Rightly used, without the licence—in which only indeed unbalanced minds indulge—wit is of far more value in the senate than what

is ordinarily called eloquence. Nay, probably, everywhere wit has better served the world. It places topics and subjects in a strong, but, usually, in a true light; if it did not this it would not be wit. It places the follies of an argument in a full clear view. It relieves the monotony of the most vexatious details or impalpable abstractions. Wit of this kind, of the logical order, is too full to be diffuse in language. The thing has to be said, and it is said; to wrap it up in fold on fold of language would only be to maim its power; the shaft flies, and, if it fly from the true hand it is irresistible.

## NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

### THE BEAVER.



WE are indebted for the following communication to a correspondent long resident in British North America, who has had peculiar facilities for observing the beaver in its native haunts.

The popular belief is that the beaver lives in a sort of hut, shaped like a dome, in the middle of a small lake, with a dam at its outlet, and a waterfall over it. I can only say that I have travelled some thousands of miles over the country, and never saw a beaver-house or colony of this description. Being essentially amphibious, the beaver requires water, and in this climate deep water, which will not freeze to the bottom in winter; but like his master, man, he takes this wherever he can get it with the least trouble, so that beaver-houses are most commonly found on the margins of streams, on the deep side of the

river. If he cannot obtain this, as in small creeks, he constructs a dam by cutting down and floating large logs, which he manages very cleverly to tilt at one end, so as to strike bottom in the place he wants, choosing a clayey soil where he can get it. The interstices of the logs are filled up with smaller sticks, and the whole plastered with clay or marl, which he generally fishes up from the bottom of the river. The beaver is said to use his flat tail as a trowel, but Indians deny this. The mud is spread with his fore paws. The only use of the tail is as a rudder and alarum. I have heard the latter myself. The creature strikes the water with the flat of the tail, which makes a report like a pistol, whereupon every head disappears below the water, and it is some time before they make their appearance again.

Having thus either found or prepared a place with sufficient depth of water, the beaver burrows into the bank below the surface of the water a considerable depth, hollowing out upwards to within a foot of the surface, like any other burrowing animal, only that sometimes the roof is held up as it were by small sticks crossing in every direction, very like the poles of a tent, and not unfrequently lined and smoothed off—plastered if you will—with the same sort of clay or mud that he has made his dam tight with.

There are usually three apartments or terraces inside the house. The lowest has only a sort of landing out of the water. In the next is stored the winter supply of food, consisting of small lengths of green, smooth-barked poplar, birch, and sometimes willow, the poplar being the favourite winter provender. The upper division is the sleeping-room, round which stretches a sort of terrace or shelf, on which the beavers lie. Their summer food, besides the kind specified, includes a sort of root, as thick as the arm, that grows in nearly stagnant waters, with joints like the cactus, showing the growth of each set of leaves—a sweet reed or rush also, with something of the flavour of orange-peel, that abounds by the sides of lagoons, reaching from the rivers out of the current; and other roots found at the margin of, or below still water.

There are commonly three pairs of beavers in the same house, and they are usually monogamous; but I have heard of an old patriarch with sometimes two wives. Such cases are rare. Every year the middle pair is turned out of house to start an establishment on their own account, and the birth of a new pair makes up the number, the former young couple now becoming the middle, to be expelled the following year.

As a rule they build their own habitations, and keep them against all comers; but instances are known in which a fighting patriarch takes possession of his neighbour's domicile, and makes himself at home there, his victim, after a feeble resistance, submitting to the indignity and sharing his quarters with the invader.

Otters are also not unfrequently found domiciled with the beaver (singly), and they appear to live together on friendly terms, neither interfering with the other.

By means of galleries communication exists with other houses, or with the water at numerous outlets, so that in case of attack the beavers frequently escape, and the unfortunate hunter, after spending a day or two in stopping up, as he fancies, all modes of exit, and breaking down with great labour into the house to the damage of his axe on the hard frozen ground, and his temper also, frequently finds the house empty. A good many houses are frequently found in the same creek, according to its size. From the damming-up of the waters a lagoon is not unfrequently formed; and from the *point* of the creek being cut off, as it were, numerous small islands are formed, which are very often the habitation of beavers. They are not oven-shaped as in the pictures, but have more the appearance of a pudding that has got water into it, squashed and flattened out with thick willows growing all over the top.

The breeding season is in spring, the young making their appearance as soon as the ice is off the rivers. They are then about the size of sewer rats, and very easily tamed. They are very hard to rear, as they fall sick if kept in confinement, and require water every day, but they are very affectionate, following the person in charge of them all over the house, making a plaintive sort of cry like a very young calf. As they grow up they show their instinct in a curious manner. At a certain season, wherever they may be, they begin to make a dam. If they are drawing-room pets, it is then necessary to look out for the tables and chairs, as their teeth will make short work of the legs. Absence of water is no hindrance—indeed herein is the apparent fault in the instinct; they seem to imagine that there is water, only not enough, and that by making a dam they will deepen it.

In swimming the beaver only uses its hind legs, the two fore paws being held up under the chin; the tail may assist progression, as I have seen young beavers move it very much like a sculler with one oar in the stern of a boat, but I cannot say for certain that they do more than steer with it. The old beaver is very savage, and the bite is dangerous; the large teeth meet in anything they grasp, and the piece comes out. Only young beavers can be tamed and made pets of. A beaver can fell a tree the size of a man's body, which he does by cutting all round; and so knowing are they that they can cast the tree whichever way they want, so as to have it nearest the water, then several of them, after branching, roll or pull it down to the stream and float it down to the dam.

#### THE ROBBER-CRAB (*Birgus latro*).

When any of the islets that stud those coral reefs at Manihiki and Rakaanga are formally tabooed in order that the cocoanut palms may be untouched, parties of twos and threes will sometimes cross the lagoon at sunset to catch robber-crabs. On arriving at the scene of action, torches are lighted, and the young men listen attentively to the movements made by the crabs. If light and quick, young robber-crabs are on their travels.

But if heavy and occasional, there are only a few very large fellows moving about, to the great exultation of the crab-hunters. A fine specimen will measure over two feet in length. When feeding they are easily caught, as they are at such times oblivious of danger. The aim of the crab-hunter is to get hold of the back, secure the pincer-claws, and then pound those claws to pieces. The legs are then twisted across, and the prize thrown into a basket. Four or five baskets, each containing about twenty robber-crabs, will be filled by a party of two or three in a single night.

These crabs are often found under the external roots of the *Pandanus odoratissimus*, also in the hollows of the "buka"-tree (a sort of gigantic laurel). A stick is inserted to discover the exact whereabouts. As soon as it is seized by the crab, it is easy to judge of the direction and depth of the burrow. The rest now dig and speedily secure the crab. The burrow of the robber-crab is in a slanting direction, but never very deep.

Should the hole prove very short, it is usual to insert the hand, keeping it close to the roof to avoid being bitten, and so capture this fierce creature. A native, who had often boasted that he was too clever to get bitten, had inserted his arm in a burrow one night, and was feeling about for his prey, when the crab, who had made a second exit to its abode, came down upon him from above and made him a prisoner! The unlucky crab-hunter shouted lustily to his friends to come and dig out the robber-crab, and so release the hand. This was done, but the hand was severely injured. My friend was ever after somewhat doubtful about engaging in this sport.

If the burrow be too deep for the hand, the best plan is to light a torch of dry cocoanut spathes and insert it in the hole. Annoyed at the light and heat, the crab endeavours to extinguish the torch. Slowly withdraw the torch, the crab will follow it angrily, and can be seized as soon as it reaches the surface.

One night a lad espied a good-sized robber-crab inside a hole at the root of an ancient "buka"-tree. Putting in his hand to catch it, he was unfortunately caught himself. The lad yelled in agony. As there was no way of getting at the crab, except by cutting away one side of the tree, it was some time ere he was released. The abdomen, which is remarkably sensitive, being then slightly pricked, the creature instantly relaxed its grip. Had the lad the presence of mind to remain perfectly still, the crab would in a little time have released him. At each tug of the lad the crab tightened its grasp.

A number of robber-crabs will sometimes climb a cocoanut-tree laden with fruit, and throw down every edible nut. Those below at once set to work to husk the fallen nuts. An ordinary sized robber-crab will finish the husking on the first night, reserving the feasting upon the contents for the second night. But a large and powerful crab, will in one and the same night husk the nut, and then breaking off a small bit of the hard shell in the neighbourhood of "the monkey's eye," so as to get a firm hold of it, deliberately break it on a stone and quietly enjoy the feast.

But what about their friends on the crown of the cocoanut palm? They usually reserve to themselves a nut apiece, husking the same in their aerial abode, and will then break off the shell with their pincer-claws bit by bit, till able to get at the rich kernel.

Tradition affirms that these crabs were formed originally out of drops of rain falling upon the crown of a cocoanut-tree! A native of Rakaanga remarked to me, "We think there must be some truth in this, because we find great numbers of tiny robber-crabs on the tender crowns of cocoanut-trees." I asked, "But do you not find them elsewhere?" "Yes, we find myriads near the sea." Of course these were the spawn just hatched in the still waters of the lagoon, on their way to the interior.

It is customary at Manihiki and Rakaanga to put thatch round the trunk of cocoanut-trees, about halfway from the ground, to prevent rats from stealing the nuts. This plan is entirely successful for rats, but is no defence whatever against the great robber-crab, so well named!

The robber-crab is accustomed to select a cocoanut shell as a shield for its hinder parts, just as the hermit-crab tenants various shells. It is amusing to see a troop of robber-crabs on the march, dragging their shells after them.

A little girl on Atiu discovering near her dwelling the burrow of a robber-crab, resolved to make a pet of it. She secured it with a strong piece of string, sufficiently long to permit it to retire to the bottom of its hole to sleep. When about to feed it, she would "chirrup" to the crab to come up, taking care to drop a few rich morsels down the hole. Although daylight, the robber-crab's time of sleep, it could not resist the temptation. In a few days it became tame and learned to distinguish the voice of the little girl. The crab was fed twice or thrice a day. In addition to its staple diet of cocoanut kernel, it ate freely ripe pandanas, drupes, papaw-apples, etc. In a few months the pet grew enormously fat, and became an object of interest to all the neighbours. Unluckily, however, for the pet, the family went off for a few days to a distant part of the island. On their return my young friend ran with some bits of cocoanut to feed it as usual, but the crab had disappeared. During her absence a hungry neighbour availed himself of the opportunity to catch and feast on her strange pet.

W. W. GILL, B.A.

*Rarotonga, South Pacific.*

#### THE LARGEST FLOWER IN THE WORLD.

A short time before I went to Sumatra the botanical world was startled by the description of a gigantic flower found in that island by the indefatigable Italian botanist Professor O. Beccari. The plant being unknown to the professor, he fancied himself to be the original discoverer of it, and named it *Amorphophallus* (a genus of amorphous, or irregularly-shaped plants) *Titanum*. So far back, however, as 1857, or twenty-two years earlier, a Dutch botanist named Teijsman, in the employ of the Netherlands Indian Government,



came across the flower, and it was named by Professor Micquel, *Conophallus* (from the conical shape of its spadix) *Gigas*, signifying gigantic. On arriving in the interior, some fifty miles from Padang, on the west coast, I immediately set to work to procure roots of the plant, and, if possible, the flower itself. Within a few days, whilst butterfly-hunting along the banks of a rocky stream, I came across a flower, but in a very rotten condition; but it was easy to form an idea of the enormous proportions of it. The root I dug out, and found it to be of immense size. Across, in diameter, it measured exactly thirty-six inches, and it was two feet two inches thick. I never had any opportunity of weighing it, but it took four Malays to carry it in, slung on a bamboo, so its weight could not have been less than four hundred pounds. It is by far the largest ever found, and is likely to remain so for some time.

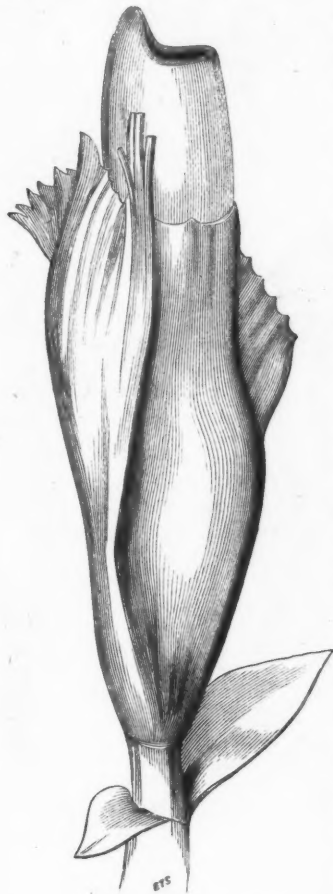
The plant has two states of existence, one as a tree and the other as a flower. Our first engraving



shows it in its tree state. This sketch I took from the largest specimen I could find. It measured eighteen feet in height, the stem being twelve feet, and the circumference at the thickest part twenty-nine inches. The colour is a pale green, the stem and principal branches being mottled. Seen in groups the trees have a very pleasing appearance.

The flower is shown in the next illustration. I never succeeded in obtaining an absolutely

perfect one. The natives could not comprehend what I really wanted, and I was much disgusted when they one day brought in a prematurely developed flower, cut off from the root. It, however, was intensely interesting as it was. The height of the actual flower, from where it joins the stem was two feet nine inches. In its fully-developed state the enveloping mantle, or



spathe, falls outwards, the cone remaining erect in the centre. The exterior of the mantle is pale green, but its inner side is as nearly as possible the colour of red cabbage. Beccari obtained a flower, which he cut up and carried home, preserved in glycerine, that measured a metre (three feet three inches) across. The appearance of the flower is very grand, but its smell is very offensive. An odour is emitted from the cone, which is hollow, that strongly resembles decaying fish. Within the cone are the seeds of the plant, growing out of the stem. When the flower dies it falls away, and the stem

shoots rapidly into the air, increasing in circumference as it does so. I have seen stems as tall as eight feet, and on the top they have had clusters of seeds some four hundred in number, and occupying a space of two and a half feet of the top part of the stem. Each seed is as large as a date and of a bright hollyberry red, so the magnificent effect of such a stem in the midst of a sombre tropical forest can be imagined.

The plant is never found any distance from water or moist places. It is a succulent, and grows with great rapidity. Hearing that the root was used by the natives in curry, I tasted a tiny piece, and found it exceedingly hot. The mere rubbing of a piece upon the lips or tongue was sufficient to cause a burning sensation in a few moments. The natives call it both *Grubwé* and *Anturbung*, the names being local. It is found nearly all over Sumatra, but in no other portion of the world.

EDWIN SACHS.



"We can hardly believe it possible that a people who resembled us so little in their taste should resemble us in anything else. But in everything else, I suppose, they were our counterparts exactly; and time, that has sewed up the slashed sleeve, and reduced the large trunk hose to a neat pair of silk stockings, has left human nature just where it found it. The inside of man at least has undergone no



change. His passions, appetites, and aims are just what they ever were. They wear, perhaps, a handsomer disguise than they did in days of yore; for philosophy and literature will have their effect upon the exterior; but in every other respect, a modern is only an ancient in a different dress."—*Cowper's Letters*



## ENGLISH THRIFT: ITS HELPS, HINDRANCES, AND HOPES.

BY THE REV. W. L. BLACKLEY, M.A.

### XXI.—COLLECTING ASSURANCE COMPANIES.

THE next branch of life assurance for small sums, practically for little more than a sufficiency to provide an independent burial for the insurer, is very similar to the Burial Insurance Collecting Society, though not strictly belonging to the Friendly Society system at all. It is the "Burial" (or "Industrial Assurance") Company.

Its operations are in principle almost entirely similar to those we have last considered—the Burial Friendly Societies.

As a matter of convenience we may treat the well-known "Prudential" as a type (and the most fully-developed one in existence) of this class. A great many advocates of thrift and providence are in the habit of falling foul of this society, either stating or insinuating its fraudulent character. I think they make a great mistake. The Prudential Assurance is an enormous organisation, deriving colossal profits from the small thrift of the poor. By its own showing, in its reports, and in the evidence given on public occasions by its officials, a very large proportion, nearly or quite half, of its premium income is spent in collection and management; a terrible number of persons lapse, from not keeping up their contributions, and the profits made, instead of belonging to the contributors, are distributed partly to shareholders in the company and partly to insurers in a distinct and separate branch of the business. When we come a little further on to discuss the Hindrances to Thrift and Providence we shall see more on this side of the question. But all these facts, which are undisputed, afford no proof whatever that the society is either insolvent, fraudulent, or dishonest. It is founded on business principles for business purposes; it makes all the profits it can for its shareholders; it fulfils its contracts, at all events, to the satisfaction, attested by receipts, of the claimants on its funds; it makes no disguise of its methods, asserting that the cost of its insurances cannot be diminished, and that the lapses arise from the fault of insurers themselves, and not of the company. Failing disproof of their statements, it is both more reasonable and more prudent to avoid denunciations, which can benefit nobody, of companies of this sort. The better course is to open poor men's eyes to the enormous relative cost and the infinitesimal advantage of such assurances, and even this should not be rashly done until some better, cheaper, and safer means be placed within reach of our thriftily-disposed poor for attaining the objects they have in view in effecting any insurances at all.

### XXII.—POST-OFFICE LIFE ASSURANCE.

Such an easier, safer, and surer way of effecting life assurances for small sums, already exists in our Post-office system. But, unfortunately, the sums it will secure are not small enough to meet the

means and circumstances of those poorest classes of the thrifty from whom the collecting societies draw their annual millions of profit, with so little beneficial result to the contributors of premiums.

To people who wish to assure a sum payable at death, of from £20 to £100, the Post-office gives a national security, and at a far cheaper rate than any of the collecting societies can offer. It is quite incredible that, in the face of these advantages, such a company as the Prudential should number the life-policies it issues by actual millions, while the Post-office can only number its contracts during as long a period as sixteen years by a pitiful 6,000 or so (an average of only 400 each year), were there not some fundamental difference in the conditions on either side. That difference lies in the fact that the Post-office insurance, which was established to aid the thrift of the poorest, really only aids that of the upper class of working men instead. The Post-office will insure for no less sum than £20, a limit quite prohibitive to the poor wage-earner; and, indeed, as a fact, between the limits of £20 and £100, we find the average Post-office contracts made to be for a sum of £80, while the average sum contracted for by millions in the Prudential Company is only £8. Thus we see that the Post-office will only do business for persons ten times as rich, in power and will for providence, as the class for whom it was intended, and therefore we need not wonder at its signal and shameful failure. Till it be made better for the poor by reducing the *minimum* to £5, and winning the confidence while securing the providence of the poor, our vaunted Post-office Life Insurance is a mere cumbering of the ground, and a silent justification of the costly and uncertain method by which poor thrifty men are tempted to risk, in the hands of self-interested and costly companies, their always slender chance of independence.

Yet, it may be asked, though our Post-office Life Assurance be too high for the poorer industrials, why should it not remain for the richer of them? The answer is very plain. Though it can offer, or, as I shall show hereafter, may be made to offer, vastly cheaper assurances for *small amounts* than the industrial companies, it cannot offer the same advantages for *larger amounts* in competition with the ordinary insurance companies, since the Government interest cannot, or ought not to, exceed that of the Funds, while the ordinary insurance companies can invest their money, and so accumulate their reserves at a much higher rate, the bulk of all the life insurance money in England being invested at four and a half per cent. instead of at three.

### XXIII.—PENSIONS, OR SUPERANNUATIONS, IN FRIENDLY SOCIETIES AND IN THE POST-OFFICE.

The working man generally dislikes the name of pension, which conveys to his mind an idea of

charity. Philologically he is wrong, for the word really means a "payment" only, and when we talk of military or civil servants being in receipt of a pension, we do not associate anything degrading with the notion. But as, for the most part, the word superannuation suits the working man's notion better, he is quite right to prefer the term. Most friendly societies, in calculating the necessary payments for sick-pay and burial-pay for their members, offer also a list of rates on which members can contract for a superannuation of so many shillings a week, to be claimed on reaching a certain age. It is quite deplorable, however, to note in how very few cases, comparatively, members of friendly societies avail themselves of these opportunities.

The men who are independent enough to pay in, every month of their working lives, for sick-pay and funeral-pay, for the most part leave provision against the wants of old age entirely out of sight. They may be sick to-morrow, therefore they provide sick-pay. They may die to-morrow, or may live for thirty or forty years; but die they must, some time or other; and so they make a provision for funeral expenses. But there is no sort of certainty that any one of them will live to be old, and the contingency is, besides, so distant, that they make no provision against it at all.

It is a melancholy thing to reflect how great a number of these worthy fellows, who can hold up their heads and say, "If I fall sick I have provided support for myself and family while the sickness lasts; if I die, I have provided for my burial; I am an independent man," must hang their heads down as they say further, "but when I am old, I have no prospect but the workhouse, where I shall have to be dependent till I die."

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And this was altogether reasonable. No man can be blamed for getting what he wants at as cheap a price as he can, in other words, no man is bound to buy dear when he can buy cheap. But the poorest persons of all, who buy in the smallest quantities, are, for that very reason, generally obliged to pay by a great deal the highest prices; for the relative cost of distributing in small quantities is a great deal higher than that of distributing in large. The root idea, then, of co-operation was this, that buyers, by combining their small funds, might, as far as possible, dispense with the large costs of distribution, by supplying their united requirements at a low rate in the wholesale market, and undertaking the distribution for themselves. Now, to buy in the wholesale market at the lowest rate requires ready money, and, therefore, to carry out the co-operative idea practically amounted to introducing the safe, clear, and thrifty system of ready-money dealing into all transactions. In every aspect of economy, political and domestic alike, the co-operative principle is, for the consumer at least, both sound and advantageous.

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## ENGLISH THRIFT: ITS HELPS, HINDRANCES, AND HOPES.

BY THE REV. W. L. BLACKLEY, M.A.

### XXI.—COLLECTING ASSURANCE COMPANIES.

THE next branch of life assurance for small sums, practically for little more than a sufficiency to provide an independent burial for the insurer, is very similar to the Burial Insurance Collecting Society, though not strictly belonging to the Friendly Society system at all. It is the "Burial" (or "Industrial Assurance") Company.

Its operations are in principle almost entirely similar to those we have last considered—the Burial Friendly Societies.

As a matter of convenience we may treat the well-known "Prudential" as a type (and the most fully-developed one in existence) of this class. A great many advocates of thrift and providence are in the habit of falling foul of this society, either stating or insinuating its fraudulent character. I think they make a great mistake. The Prudential Assurance is an enormous organisation, deriving colossal profits from the small thrift of the poor. By its own showing, in its reports, and in the evidence given on public occasions by its officials, a very large proportion, nearly or quite half, of its premium income is spent in collection and management; a terrible number of persons lapse, from not keeping up their contributions, and the profits made, instead of belonging to the contributors, are distributed partly to shareholders in the company and partly to insurers in a distinct and separate branch of the business. When we come a little further on to discuss the Hindrances to Thrift and Providence we shall see more on this side of the question. But all these facts, which are undisputed, afford no proof whatever that the society is either insolvent, fraudulent, or dishonest. It is founded on business principles for business purposes; it makes all the profits it can for its shareholders; it fulfils its contracts, at all events, to the satisfaction, attested by receipts, of the claimants on its funds; it makes no disguise of its methods, asserting that the cost of its insurances cannot be diminished, and that the lapses arise from the fault of insurers themselves, and not of the company. Failing disproof of their statements, it is both more reasonable and more prudent to avoid denunciations, which can benefit nobody, of companies of this sort. The better course is to open poor men's eyes to the enormous relative cost and the infinitesimal advantage of such assurances, and even this should not be rashly done until some better, cheaper, and safer means be placed within reach of our thriftily-disposed poor for attaining the objects they have in view in effecting any insurances at all.

### XXII.—POST-OFFICE LIFE ASSURANCE.

Such an easier, safer, and surer way of effecting life assurances for small sums, already exists in our Post-office system. But, unfortunately, the sums it will secure are not small enough to meet the

means and circumstances of those poorest classes of the thrifty from whom the collecting societies draw their annual millions of profit, with so little beneficial result to the contributors of premiums.

To people who wish to assure a sum payable at death, of from £20 to £100, the Post-office gives a national security, and at a far cheaper rate than any of the collecting societies can offer. It is quite incredible that, in the face of these advantages, such a company as the Prudential should number the life-policies it issues by actual millions, while the Post-office can only number its contracts during as long a period as sixteen years by a pitiful 6,000 or so (an average of only 400 each year), were there not some fundamental difference in the conditions on either side. That difference lies in the fact that the Post-office insurance, which was established to aid the thrift of the poorest, really only aids that of the upper class of working men instead. The Post-office will insure for no less sum than £20, a limit quite prohibitive to the poor wage-earner; and, indeed, as a fact, between the limits of £20 and £100, we find the average Post-office contracts made to be for a sum of £80, while the average sum contracted for by millions in the Prudential Company is only £8. Thus we see that the Post-office will only do business for persons ten times as rich, in power and will for providence, as the class for whom it was intended, and therefore we need not wonder at its signal and shameful failure. Till it be made better for the poor by reducing the *minimum* to £5, and winning the confidence while securing the providence of the poor, our vaunted Post-office Life Insurance is a mere cumbering of the ground, and a silent justification of the costly and uncertain method by which poor thrifty men are tempted to risk, in the hands of self-interested and costly companies, their always slender chance of independence.

Yet, it may be asked, though our Post-office Life Assurance be too high for the poorer industrials, why should it not remain for the richer of them? The answer is very plain. Though it can offer, or, as I shall show hereafter, may be made to offer, vastly cheaper assurances for *small amounts* than the industrial companies, it cannot offer the same advantages for *larger amounts* in competition with the ordinary insurance companies, since the Government interest cannot, or ought not to, exceed that of the Funds, while the ordinary insurance companies can invest their money, and so accumulate their reserves at a much higher rate, the bulk of all the life insurance money in England being invested at four and a half per cent. instead of at three.

### XXIII.—PENSIONS, OR SUPERANNUATIONS, IN FRIENDLY SOCIETIES AND IN THE POST-OFFICE.

The working man generally dislikes the name of pension, which conveys to his mind an idea of



charity. Philologically he is wrong, for the word really means a "payment" only, and when we talk of military or civil servants being in receipt of a pension, we do not associate anything degrading with the notion. But as, for the most part, the word superannuation suits the working man's notion better, he is quite right to prefer the term. Most friendly societies, in calculating the necessary payments for sick-pay and burial-pay for their members, offer also a list of rates on which members can contract for a superannuation of so many shillings a week, to be claimed on reaching a certain age. It is quite deplorable, however, to note in how very few cases, comparatively, members of friendly societies avail themselves of these opportunities.

The men who are independent enough to pay in, every month of their working lives, for sick-pay and funeral-pay, for the most part leave provision against the wants of old age entirely out of sight. They may be sick to-morrow, therefore they provide sick-pay. They may die to-morrow, or may live for thirty or forty years; but die they must, some time or other; and so they make a provision for funeral expenses. But there is no sort of certainty that any one of them will live to be old, and the contingency is, besides, so distant, that they make no provision against it at all.

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curing debt himself nor paying any longer a portion of the bad debts of others.

The Rochdale system, on the other hand, gives its members equal, and in some respects greater, advantages in a different form. It charges the same rates for its goods as the ordinary dealers in the retail market, and only transacts business for ready money. But every member's transactions are registered and noted. The Co-operative Society buys at wholesale price, sells at retail price, and makes all the intermediate profits. These profits, at the end of each half year, are divided among the members in exact proportion to the expenditure each has contributed to the society, and by this amount—and it is often a very large one—the members are better off, thrive more, are thriftier than before.

But the fact that in every transaction they complete they are *laying by* a percentage (at all events, till the next half-yearly settlement), is not merely an act of thrift, but an act of providence as well, and tends immensely to aid and encourage the feeling of self-reliance and independence among our people.

No one truly interested in the welfare of our working classes can read the reports, for instance, of the "Rochdale Pioneers," and see the number of well-intended and prosperous institutions for education, social advancement, and mutual aid these working men have originated and still support, cheerfully and nobly, out of their profits, without rejoicing in heart at its establishment, and wishing it long and great prosperity as a true and powerful aid to working men's self-help and thrift and providence, and to the general elevation and happiness of our people.

#### XXVI.—BUILDING SOCIETIES.

Another aid to thrift and providence is the Building Society—at least, so far as it enables the working man to buy his own house, and almost imperceptibly to pay its cost in small instalments. We will suppose a man paying £10 a year rent for a small house, in a neighbourhood where he is likely, at least, to reside all his life. That house, or as good a one, will probably be purchasable for £150. He knows that if he occupies it fifty years he will have to pay £500 in rent, and the house will still belong to the landlord. But if, by an effort, he save up a fifth part of the value—£30—he brings this to a building society and asks it to advance the remaining £120 on mortgage of the house, to be paid off by instalments, with interest. This buys him the house, subject to a debt of £120; he continues his payment of £10 a year—but to the building society, not to the landlord. Of this £10, £6 pays the interest, at 5 per cent., on £120, and £4 diminishes the debt. The second year his £10 will be differently apportioned. Only £114 being owed, he has only to pay that number of shillings, or £5 14s.—instead of £6—as interest, and the remaining £4 6s. goes to diminish the debt. Thus each year the debt and the interest on it diminish, leaving a larger part of the £10 to pay the instalments; and, as a matter of fact, the whole will

have been paid off in eighteen years and three months, the investor will own the house, live in it all his life rent free, and have it at his own disposal to sell or leave to his family when he dies.

Another vast advantage this method gives. Giving the buyer an immediate sense of ownership, it makes him eager to clear his home from all charges at the earliest possible moment, and induces him to pay off larger instalments in order to be sooner free from his debt and the interest upon it. So the man thrives day by day in his property, while, at the same time, he is not only providing well for the future at an actual money advantage in the present, but he is really his own banker, investing all he chooses at an excellent and secure rate of five per cent. on freehold property always held in his own hands.

It may be asked, however, what would the condition of things be should the purchaser of a dwelling in this way prove unable or unwilling to continue his payments, or how would his representatives stand in case of his death before the whole loan was paid off? The answer is simple and satisfactory. Supposing this occurred after five years; the home, purchased for £150, would only be chargeable with £95 instead of £120; if after ten years, the charge would be only £66; if after fifteen years, only £30. The borrower, or his estate, at each of those periods, would be the better off by the difference between these sums and the original loan, and that without the added cost of a single shilling to that of the rent he would otherwise have had to pay.

With regard to another side of the building society subject, the lending of members' money out at interest (in any other form than on freehold property), I have little to say; it does not touch my present subject closer than any other trusting of poor men's savings in other people's hands for speculative purposes. Unless the lenders have good reason for exceptional confidence in the persons managing their funds, it can scarcely be said, in a general way, that these operations tend to effectual thrift and providence at all.

#### XXVII.—CONCLUSION OF FIRST PART OF SUBJECT.

I have thus gone over most of the existing Helps to Thrift and Providence, in the hope of giving a clear and simple idea of their tendencies and effects. The remarkable prominence which these subjects have assumed in the public mind of late years, and more particularly during the last two or three, proves the importance of a little general elementary knowledge about them to people whose desire for the public good and the individual happiness of Englishmen leads them to take part in discussions of such subjects.

But before passing on to consider the Hindrances to English Thrift and Providence, I would most earnestly impress upon my readers one very important consideration; namely, that all our public and private aids to thrift, great, growing, and valuable though they be, are offered as yet to *only one class of the people*, and for the rest are as utterly ineffective as if they were absolutely non-existent. They are only aids to thrift and providence, and,

excellent though they be as far as they go, they are no correctives to unthrift and improvidence; they may help the self-denial of the best class of our people, but they do not touch the misery of the worst. They further much, but originate little; they foster the thrift of the thrifty, but they do not hinder the waste of the wasteful. Educa-

tion, information, machinery, security—all these will tend, and must tend, to improve the circumstances of the provident, but they have neither initiative nor influence upon the wasters who need their help the most. We shall see this point more clearly in studying next the "Hindrances to English Thrift."

## THE VIOLIN.

### IV.



IN 1680 another step in the right direction was made by the chief professors of music, who, wishing to disconnect their public musical meetings from public-house associations, combined to take a room in Villiers Street,

York Buildings, for concerts. Concerning this room Mr. Hart gossips pleasantly in his recently-published work on "The Violin and its Music." "This was the concert-room which Sir Richard Steele leased, and reconstructed in 1710, when Addison and he were interesting themselves in British Opera, reference to which has already been made. There is an amusing anecdote, that when the necessary alterations had been made in the building, Steele was anxious to try its acoustical properties. Accordingly he placed himself in the most remote part of the gallery, and begged the chief carpenter to speak up from the stage. The man at first said he was unaccustomed to public speaking, and did not know what to say to his honour; but Steele called out to him to say whatever was uppermost, when the carpenter at once began: 'Sir Richard Steele, for three months past me and my men has been a-working in this theatre, and we've never seen the colour of your honour's money; we will be very much obliged if you'll pay it directly, for until you do we won't drive in another nail.' Sir Richard said that his friend's elocution was perfect, but that he didn't like his subject much."

In 1683 the great Corelli published his first twelve sonatas at Rome; and in the same year a set of sonatas was issued for two violins and a bass, which may be said to mark an era of music in England.

The composer, whom we are proud to claim as an Englishman by birth and parentage, was Henry Purcell, and the success attending the production of his first sonatas induced him to write ten others in four parts, which were not published until 1697,

two years after his death; among these is the Golden Sonata, the most highly esteemed of any, as its name implies.

His contributions to the music of the leading instrument must for ever cause Purcell's name to be honourably associated with it; but of course his fame chiefly rests upon ecclesiastical and dramatic compositions.

He became organist of Westminster Abbey in his eighteenth year, and the sublime anthem, "They that go down to the sea in ships," was written by him as a thanksgiving for the escape of Charles II and the Duke of York from shipwreck. The king and his brother were testing the sailing powers of a new pleasure-boat, and for this purpose took a trial trip down the river and round the Kentish shore. To make the excursion more enjoyable, Mr. Gostling, then a public singer of renown, was commanded to make one of the party. Upon nearing the North Foreland, however, their merriment came to an end; for a violent storm arose, and all differences of rank were for awhile forgotten in a general and frantic effort to save the craft. The horror of the scene made such an impression upon the king that upon his return to London he selected the words, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these men see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep," instructing Purcell to compose the music, which he did to suit the compass of Gostling's deep bass voice.

And now we must turn to Italy, birthplace of the founder of a school which produced a succession of great violinists during the whole of the last century. Until Arcangelo Corelli wrote for the instrument, none had ever dreamt of its capabilities. He is, therefore, justly esteemed by his followers "the father of the violin." His solos, published in 1700, are the most generally popular of his works, and are to this day considered the best compositions that can be put into the hands of a young performer to form both his hand and his taste. In his jigs, also, Corelli is said to have been peculiarly happy. The subject of one, on account of its pre-eminent beauty, is engraved on his tomb. This does not seem the most appropriate place for such a specimen of his art; but it must be remembered that the name of jig in the Italian music of those days did not convey the trifling and vulgar idea attached to the modern word.

Corelli appears to have been of a mild and



gentle disposition, and this character is mirrored in the style of his music. His sensitive mind was perpetually causing him to feel acutely the slightest mortification, but the meekness of his temper did not hinder him sometimes from vindicating the respect due to himself and his profession. When performing a solo on one occasion at Cardinal Ottoboni's, he observed the cardinal and another person talking, on which he laid down his violin, and being asked the reason, replied that "he feared his music interrupted the conversation."

He could indulge, too, in a vein of good-humoured pleasantry, and—what is more difficult, perhaps—could cheerfully acknowledge the powers of a rival.

When Adam Strunck, violinist to the Elector of Hanover, played before him, Corelli, in amazement at his dexterity, exclaimed, "I am called Arcangelo, but, by heaven, sir, you must be Archidiavolo!"

Corelli's compositions are now almost entirely laid aside by public performers, less on account of their intrinsic merits than because of the change which has taken place in the character of the violin as a solo instrument. Hogarth, speaking of his concertos, says:

"The eighth, composed for the purpose of being performed on Christmas Eve, has probably had more celebrity than any piece of music that ever was written. It is exquisitely beautiful, and seems destined to bid defiance to the attacks of time. The whole is full of profound religious feeling, and the pastoral sweetness of the movement descriptive of the 'shepherds abiding in the fields' has never been surpassed, not even by Handel's movement of the same kind in the 'Messiah.' If ever this divine music is thrown aside and forgotten, it will be the most unequivocal sign of the corruption of taste and the decay of music in England."

After this, it is pleasant to read of the enthusiasm excited by the first appearance of these concertos among our countrymen. They were sent over in a parcel of books to a bookseller in the Strand. The bookseller being acquainted with Mr. Henry Needler, the talented amateur violinist, and anxious to gratify his patron's well-known taste, rushed off post-haste to find him. Needler was discovered engaged with some kindred spirits in the performance of chamber music. The bookseller was admitted, and the sight of his newly-imported prize threw the company into an ecstasy of delight; "the parts were at once allotted to the different performers, and not until the whole twelve concertos had been played did they rise from their seats." A very practical demonstration of musical zeal.

Needler was a prominent supporter of the Academy of Ancient Music, the meetings of which were held at a tavern called the "Crown and Anchor," then opposite St. Clement's Church in the Strand.

By the way, here is a curious glimpse of Paternoster Row in connection with music. The son of John Young, the violin-maker, set on foot a series of musical meetings, which were so successful that

he speedily found it necessary to secure larger rooms than his father's house in St. Paul's Churchyard afforded. "The Queen's Head Tavern," in Paternoster Row, was selected as a suitable place. A few years later, in 1724, they were held at the "Castle," in the same locality; hence the name of "Castle Concerts." Woolaston, the painter, he who painted Tom Britton in his blue frock, coal-measure in hand, now painted Young's portrait, which long hung on the walls of the "Castle Inn." The writer goes on to say, "These concerts continued to increase in popularity and excellence, and were ultimately held at the Haberdashers' Hall, where performances of oratorios were given. Another society was formed upon the plan of the Castle Concerts at the 'Swan Tavern.' Among the subscribers were many merchants and wealthy citizens. Here the violinist Obadiah Shuttleworth led the orchestra. After an existence of about twelve years a fire occurred, in 1748, which destroyed the music and instruments, ending the society's career. It was at these concerts that the greatest philanthropist among violinists—Michael Christian Festing—the chief promoter and honorary secretary of the Royal Society of Musicians, played first violin. Festing was a pupil of Gemiani. He is said to have been a man of superior attainments, and was courted and patronised by the highest in the social scale. Festing's compositions were concert solos, sonatas, concertos, and symphonies for stringed and other instruments.

"Richard Clarke, a violinist in the orchestra of Drury Lane Theatre, is worthy of notice as the originator of 'Medley Overtures,' namely, introductory music made up of passages from popular airs. This class of writing has been mainly developed in the music of the pantomime down to the present time. This same Richard Clarke was the son-in-law of Colley Cibber.

"An offshoot of the Academy of Ancient Music was the Madrigal Society, which owed its existence to a musical enthusiast in the person of John Immyns, a lawyer by profession. The society's meetings were held at an old alehouse in Bride Lane, Fleet Street. The subscription was five shillings and sixpence per quarter, which entitled the members to beer and tobacco. Many of the subscribers were mechanics or Spitalfields weavers. Here, amid the curling whiffs of the fragrant weed, Immyns often led his little club through the madrigals of Orlando Lassus, Russo, and those of the Prince of Venosa, and read aloud a chapter of Zarlino. His passion for these early and famous madrigal writers blinded him to the merits of Handel and Bononcini, both of whom he regarded, curiously enough, as corruptors of the art. A prominent member of this same club was one Samuel Jeacocke, an amateur performer on the tenor, and who furnishes us with the earliest instance of fiddle-baking I have met with. Whenever his fiddles were out of sorts, his plan was to *bake* them for a week or more in sawdust! If Jeacocke's curative measures gave rise to the wholesale fiddle-bakings of the nineteenth century, both here and abroad, the players of the coming generation will have no cause to hold in reverence the name of Jeacocke."

In 1776 we hear of the establishment of the

Concert of Ancient Music, or King's Concert. The band was led by Mr. Hay, and the famous Crossdill was principal violoncello. Mr. Hart tells us that to these concerts "the Duke of Wellington was a frequent visitor, and it is related that a friend once observed to him, 'Duke, I cannot understand how you can attend so regularly the Ancient Concerts?' 'Oh,' replied his grace, 'there is the best reason for that—there is no place where I can enjoy a sounder nap.' The Iron Duke had evidently not inherited the musical taste of his father, the Earl of Mornington, of whom it is said that Geminiani, upon being requested to instruct him, confessed his inability to add to the knowledge he had already acquired."

Michael Festing, mentioned in the above extract, was the original of Hogarth's "Enraged Musician," although the violinist Castrucci was long thought to be so. A curious announcement concerning the latter performer appeared in the "Daily Post" of February 22nd, 1732, namely, that he would play a solo "in which he engages himself to execute twenty-four notes in one bow." The next day an unknown fiddler capped this climax by advertising his intention to play *twenty-five* notes in one bow.

Castrucci was the leader of the opera band in London in the beginning of the eighteenth century, but he was then growing old and losing much of his former vigour of execution. Handel, who at that time had the management, wished to place John Clegg, the pupil of Matthew Dubourg, in his station. But not wishing to wound the feelings of Castrucci by making the intended change without convincing him that it was necessary, he composed a violin concerto in which the second part was as difficult as the first. This piece he requested the pair to perform. Clegg executed one share of the task with grace and facility, while Castrucci laboured imperfectly through the other, and was constrained to admit the superiority of his rival. Handel, however, not unmindful of the good service the veteran had rendered in his younger days, was careful to retain him in the band, and in many ways proved a true friend to him.

Meanwhile, poor Clegg, whose beauty of tone and graces of execution won such admiration, was purchasing his triumphs at far too great a sacrifice. About the year 1742 he had so deranged his faculties by intense study and practice, that he was confined in Bedlam. What renders the story more pitiful is the fact that it was long an amusement, as fashionable as inhuman, to visit him there and be entertained either by his fiddle or his folly.

It is a relief to turn from the thought of the poor lunatic, the victim of his own overtasked powers, to another violin-player, whose long life seems to link us with the previous generation. Francis Hackwood is perhaps better remembered as a facetious fiddler than a brilliant one, and many stories are told of his convivial and entertaining qualities. His detractors have supplemented this with a charge of meanness, which would appear to have little other foundation than the fact that he one night shouldered his own violoncello on his way home from Apsley House (as they affirm, to save expense of coach or porter), though

he was himself attired "in an elegant suit of blue and silver." How much more likely that the act arose from the anxious care for his instrument common to many a performer. It is one of the anecdotes connected with him, that, at the conclusion of a concert given by Lord Hampden to a large assemblage of rank and fashion, when the musicians had been taxed to exert themselves till a most unreasonable hour in the morning, his lordship put the question, "Hackwood, will you stay and sup with us?" and that the answer was, "No, my lord, I can't, for I think"—taking out his watch—"my wife must be waiting breakfast for me." Hackwood was for some years father, as the term goes, of the Royal Society of Musicians, and lived until 1821.

Ten years later, after an uninterrupted series of triumphs in Austria, Prussia, Paris, and elsewhere, Paganini visited England. This singular being, whose childhood was cramped and darkened by the cruel treatment of his father, and whose early youth had been a season of more than ordinary temptation, by reason of the wonderful powers which left him—a half-educated and friendless lad—with no lack of money, was then at the zenith of his fame. We append two or three accounts of the great artist, written at the time, beginning with an extract from the "New Monthly Magazine," which thus describes his first appearance in London, where the spacious area of the King's Theatre, scarcely adequate to the large expectations founded upon his fame, was selected as the scene of his début.

"His first concert took place on the 3rd of June, 1831. After a symphony by Beethoven had been played, and 'Largo al Factotum' sung by Lablache, a tall haggard figure, with long black hair strangely falling down to his shoulders, slid forward like a spectral apparition. There was something awful, unearthly, in that countenance; but his play! our pen seems involuntarily to evade the task of giving utterance to sensations which are beyond the reach of language. If we were to affirm that we have heard many celebrated violinists of various countries, and that Paganini did everything which their performance had taught us to consider possible on the instrument, we should fall greatly short of the impression we would wish to convey. I fwe were to declare, as some of our colleagues have maintained, that Paganini has advanced a century beyond the present standard of virtuosity, the assertion would be equally incorrect, for we believe that the centuries to come will not produce a master spirit, a musical phenomenon, organised like Paganini. But what, we have been asked, in the midst of our ecstasies, what are these excellencies, these wonders, so unattainable by the rest of his competitors?"

"These excellencies, we reply, consist in the combination of absolute mechanical perfection of every imaginable kind, perfection hitherto unknown and unthought of, with the higher attributes of the human mind, inseparable from eminence in the fine arts; intellectual superiority, sensibility, deep feeling, poesy—genius!"

This is but one of countless notices, equally enthusiastic, that appeared. We select the next

as defining more distinctly the peculiar bodily formation which had no unimportant share in winning these extraordinary successes.

"Paganini's playing is in a very high degree intellectual. It is mental as well as physical and mechanical. The instant he seizes his violin, which he usually coquets with for a time before bringing it up to its proper place, a sudden animation passes over his countenance. He has the advantage, which all concert-players, by the way, ought to adopt, of *never using a book*. This mode in itself has as much the superiority as a speech delivered has over one that is read. When the first bow is drawn Paganini is evidently lost to every other thought, and is revelling probably in a world of his own creation. All his passages seem free and unpremeditated, as if conceived on the instant. One has no impression of their having cost him either forethought or labour.

"The only thing that can be said to lessen the wonder of Paganini's powers in the way of mere mechanism is that he is indebted for them, in some measure, to his own peculiar conformation. His long arms and slender frame allow him to place the instrument in the most advantageous position that is possible, and his left arm is brought so completely under it, that his hand seems to cover the whole extent of the finger-board. Such is the flexibility, besides, of his joints, that he can throw his thumb nearly back upon his wrist, and extend his little finger at the same time in the opposite direction. By these means, when in the first position, as it is called, of the violin, he can reach without shifting to the second octave. His extreme high notes—for he contrives to play three octaves on each string—are given consequently with a precision and certainty never heard before. This flexibility, without doubt, is indispensable to the execution of many of the passages, though it is probably not wholly natural to him, but acquired in part by his long and severe practice. His solo on the fourth or G string (the other three being discarded for the occasion) we consider among the most charming as well as the most wonderful specimens. There are few players, we apprehend, who, in point of mere difficulty, could do on four strings what Paganini does on one; but that is nothing. The charm lies in the peculiar effect—in the soft silvery tone of that string, which one almost imagines to be increased, though perhaps without reason, by taking the others away. No defect is felt as regards compass in this piece. There appears to be as many notes as in the violin in its ordinary state; and in fact by the aid of the harmonics he does make nearly as many."

Of course there were opinions not so entirely complimentary. Thus we find Macready, the tragedian, writing in his diary: "July 17th, 1833—Went to Drury Lane to see Paganini. His power over his instrument is surprising; the tones he draws from it might be thought those of the sweetest flageolet and hautboy, and sometimes of the human voice; the expression he gives to a common air is quite charming. His playing of 'Patrick's Day' was the sweetest piece of instrumental music I ever heard—but he is a quack."

And Thomas Moore remarked that Paganini "Abuses his powers. He could play divinely, and does so sometimes for a minute or two, but then come his tricks and surprises, his bow in convulsions, and his enharmonics like the mewlings of an expiring cat."

The eccentric performances which so disturbed the poet are alluded to by Hogarth, the musical critic, who adds, "It was not, however, by these tricks, but in spite of them, that he gained the suffrages of those who were charmed by his truly great qualities—his 'soul of fire,' his boundless fancy, his energy, tenderness, and passion; these are the qualities which give him a claim to a place among the greatest masters of the art."

Paganini appeared for the last time in England in 1833, returning to the Continent in possession of considerable wealth. With his death, which occurred at Nice in 1840, we bring our fiddle gossip to a close. Whether Paganini has made any permanent impression on his art, or whether, as M. Fétis says, "it was born and will die with him," the fact remains that the violin, an exceptionally versatile and difficult instrument, has hitherto yielded its most marvellous effects in the hand of this prince of players.

### Morning Hymn.

ANOTHER day has come, O Lord,  
A royal gift to me,  
Higher to raise my soul toward  
Its heavenly goal and Thee.

Another day, for Thy great sake,  
To suffer, strive, and love,  
And do my best this world to make  
More like Thy world above.

Lord, at Thy feet I lay my will  
To strive with Thine no more,  
May I Thy utmost tasks fulfil,  
And all Thy ways adore.

Although my soul affrighted be,  
Quailing at sorrow's blast,  
Yet may I ride the storm with Thee,  
Lashed to Thy strong mainmast.

Or if by Thee my feet be led  
Through pastures fresh and fair,  
'Mid lilies white and roses red  
Which Thou hast scattered there,

Then may I gather unto me  
The blessings Thou hast given,  
And cull such flowerets joyously  
As best may bloom in heaven.

Let all my acts be pure and just  
This day, and till, at nig't,  
I give my soul to Thee in trust,  
And slumber in Thy sight!

R. M.



## SHEPHERDS: THEIR CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

BY THE REV. T. F. THISELTON DYER, M.A.



IN former years the shepherds of the wolds of Yorkshire were a race of men of great importance, especially when the country was open and sheep were its chief treasures. Since, however, turnip-fields have replaced the fine pasture of the downs, the shepherds have lost much of their distinctive character, and many of their old customs and traditions are well-nigh forgotten. Thus, some years ago, they were united in a kind of guild, and before any one was allowed to join the "order" he was bound to say by heart, and generally in church, the "Shepherd's Psalm," as it was called, "The Lord is my Shepherd." The great festival of their year was known as "Shepherd Sunday," when the lesson read contained our Lord's words, "I am the Good Shepherd." Although it was rarely that the shepherds, scattered over the hills and watching their flocks at all hours and seasons, could appear at church, yet they seldom failed to

be present on "Shepherd Sunday." In another way, also, this was an important occasion, because it was the Sunday on which their marriage banns were generally called for the first time. As soon as the names had been pronounced by the minister the congregation speedily responded, "God save them well, and send them good speed." This custom has not yet died out in the wolds, and is considered to be older than the sixteenth century.

Referring to another class of shepherds—namely, those on Salisbury Plain—we are told that they were so proverbially idle that,\* rather than rise when asked the way across the plain, they put up one of their legs towards the place, and said, "Theek woy!" (this way). "Thuck way!" (that way). Aubrey, too, describes the dress of the Wiltshire shepherds in his day as that of the Roman or

\* Hone's "Every-Day Book," 1827.—II. 984.

Arcadian shepherds, thus portrayed in Drayton's "Polyolbion:" "A long white cloak, with a very deep cape, which comes half down their backs, made of the locks of the sheep. There was a sheep crook, a sling or scrip, iron tar box, a pipe or flute, and their dog. But since 1671 they are grown so luxurious as to neglect their ancient warm and useful fashion, and go *a-la-mode*." Evelyn alludes to the changes in the shepherd's dress, and remarks that "before the civil wars many of them made straw hats which I think is now left off, and our shepherdesses of late years do begin to work point, whereas before they did only knit coarse stockings. Instead of the sling they have now a hollow iron or piece of horn, not unlike a shoeing-horn, fastened to the other end of the crosier, by which they take up stones and sling, and keep their flocks in order."

The chief festival in the shepherd's year is the sheep-shearing season, a business of much importance in various parts of the country, where wool, being the basis of the principal manufactures, is one of the most valuable products that this kingdom affords. The time for sheep-shearing commences as soon as the warm weather is so far settled as to allow the sheep to lay aside a great part of their clothing without danger of catching cold. Dyer lays down the following tokens to mark the proper time:—

"If verdant elder spreads  
Her silver flowers; if humble daisies yield  
To yellow crowfoot and luxuriant grass,  
Gay shearing-time approaches."

Our ancestors, who took advantage of every natural holiday to keep it long and gladly, celebrated the time of sheep-shearing by a feast exclusively rural. Drayton, who, it may be remembered, was the countryman of Shakespeare, has graphically described this festive scene, the vale of Evesham being the locality of the sheep-shearing which he pictured so pleasantly:—

"The shepherd king,  
Whose flock hath chanced that year the earliest lamb to bring,  
In his gay baldric sits at his low grassy board,  
With flowers, curds, clouted cream, and country dainties stored;  
And whilst the bagpipe plays, each lusty jocund swain  
Quaffs syllabubs in cans to all upon the plain,  
And to their country girls, whose nose-gays they do wear;  
Some roundelays do sing, the rest the burthen bear."

Again, in the "Winter's Tale" (iv. 4), one of the most delicious scenes is that of a sheep-shearing, in which we have the more poetical "Shepherd Queen." Mr. Furnivall\* justly remarks:—"How happily it brings Shakespeare before us, mixing with his Stratford neighbours at their sheep-shearing and country sports, enjoying the vagabond pedlar's gammon and talk; delighting in the sweet Warwickshire maidens, and buying them 'fairings'; telling goblin stories to the boys, 'There was a man dwelt in a churchyard,' opening his

heart afresh to all the innocent mirth and the beauty of nature around him." The expense attaching to these festivities was occasionally very heavy, and appears to have afforded matter of complaint. Thus in the "Winter's Tale" the clown asks, "What am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast?" And he then proceeds to enumerate various things which he will have to purchase. In Tusser's "Five Hundred Points of Husbandry," this festival is described under the "Ploughman's Feast Days," and the subjoined directions are given for its proper observance:

"Wife, make us a dinner, spare flesh neither come,  
Make wafers and cakes, for our sheepe must be shorne,  
At sheep-shearing, neighbours none other things crave  
But good cheere and welcome like neighbours to have."

One of the favourite sports at the Shearing Festival was wrestling, the usual prize being a ram, although occasionally prizes of greater value were given, such as a "white bull, a great courser with saddle and bridle, a pipe of wine, and a red gold ring." Clare, also, has prettily described some of the customs peculiar to this festival:

"And now, when shearing of the flocks is done,  
Some ancient customs, mixed with harmless fun,  
Crown the swain's merry toils. The timid maid,  
Pleased to be praised, and yet of praise afraid,  
Seeks the best flowers; not those of woods and fields,  
But such as every farmer's garden yields.

\* \* \* \* \*

These the maid gathers with a coy delight,  
And ties them up in readiness for night,  
Then gives to every swain, 'tween love and shame,  
Her 'clipping posies' as his yearly claim.  
He rises to obtain the custom'd kiss.  
With stifled smiles, half hankering after bliss,  
She shrinks away, and blushing, calls it rude;  
Yet turns to smile, and hopes to be pursued;  
While one, to whom the hint may be applied,  
Follows to gain it, and is not denied."

In some places, at the feast which wound up the sheep-shearing, the principal delicacies were furnety and cheesecakes. Sternberg, in his "Folk-lore of Northamptonshire" (1851, p. 175), speaking of this annual feast, says that "it is sometimes given, but the modern usage presents but a shadowy resemblance to the ancient festivity, and has in many cases degenerated into a large seedcake, which is eaten by the workmen on the scene of their labours." It appears, however, that this seedcake was not confined to the shepherds, but in many counties was presented to the farm-labourers at the end of the sowing season, and was popularly known as a "seblet-cake." At eaning-tide it is still customary in Northamptonshire, on the birth of the first lamb, to regale the shepherds with pancakes, a custom which has been observed from time immemorial, and is a survival of the domestic life of our rural peasantry in days gone by.

Amongst the superstitions of the shepherd may be noticed his belief in fairies, and he will occasionally point out to the passer-by those mysterious spots generally known as "fairy-rings."

\* Introduction to the "Leopold Shakespeare," xci.

According also to a belief as old as the time of Shakespeare, sheep will not eat the grass on these fairy-rings, and thus in the "Tempest" Prospero (Act v. sc. 1) says,—

"You demi-puppets, that  
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime  
Is to make midnight mushrooms."

These fairies, however, are simply a fungus below the surface, which has seeded in a circular range, as many plants do. It appears that the dislike to these so-called fairy-rings is not confined to sheep, because we are told that when the damsels of old gathered maydew on the grass, which they made use of to improve their complexions, they left undisturbed such of it as they perceived on the fairy-rings, apprehensive that the fairies should in revenge destroy their beauty; nor was it reckoned safe to put the foot within the rings lest they should be liable to fairies' power. Of the many fairy legends, too, in which the shepherd holds a prominent place, we may quote two as recorded by Mr. Wirt Sikes, in his interesting work entitled "British Goblins" (1880, 121):—"One evening, a shepherd who had been searching for his sheep on the side of Nant-y-Bettws, espied a number of little people singing and dancing, and some of the prettiest damsels he ever set eyes on preparing a feast. He went to them and partook of the meal, and thought that he had never tasted anything to equal those dishes. When it became dusk they pitched their tents, and the shepherd had never before seen such beautiful things as they had about them there. They provided him with a soft feather-bed and sheets of the finest linen, and he retired feeling like a prince. But on the morrow, lo and behold! his bed was but a bush of bulrushes, and his pillow a tuft of moss. He, however, found in his shoes some pieces of silver, and afterwards, for a long time, he continued to find once a week a piece of silver placed between two stones near the spot where he had lain. One day, unfortunately, he divulged his secret to another, and the weekly coin was never placed there again."

The other legend tells us that one day a shepherd near Cwm Llan heard some strange noise in a crevice of a rock, and on turning to see what it was, found there a singular creature, who wept bitterly. This he found out to be a fairy child, but, whilst he was looking at it compassionately, two middle-aged men came and thanked him courteously for his kindness, and on leaving, presented him with a staff as a token of remembrance. The following year every sheep he possessed bore two ewe lambs. They continued to thus breed for many years in succession; but one very dark and stormy night, having stayed very late in the village, in crossing the river that comes down from Cwm Llan, there being a great flood sweeping everything before it, he dropped his staff into the river and saw it no more. On the morrow he found that nearly all his sheep and lambs, like his staff, had been swept away by the flood. His wealth had departed from him in the same way as

it came—with the staff which he had received from the guardians of the fairy child.

A curious form of superstition was formerly current amongst the Irish shepherds, and is thus described in Piers's "Description of West Meath":—"On the first Sunday in harvest, viz., in August, they will be sure to drive their cattle into some pool or river, and therein swim them. This they observe as inviolable as if it were a point of religion, for they think no beast will live the whole year unless they be thus drenched. I deny not but that swimming of cattle, and chiefly in this season of the year, is healthful unto them, as the poet Virgil hath remarked,—

'In the healthful flood to plunge the bleating flock.'

In Scotland it is still regarded unlucky if the sheep on a farm bring forth stock of various colours, and the Sussex shepherd accounts it a bad omen to have two or three black sheep in his flock. On the other hand, whereas in daily life we are accustomed to speak figuratively of the one black sheep that is the cause of sorrow in the family, in its reality it is considered by the Sussex shepherd as an omen of good luck to his flock. Curious to say, however, in Scotland, within the last few years, when a lamb of black colour was brought forth in a flock it was immediately put to death, its appearance being looked upon as the forerunner of misfortune to the flock-master. Again, many shepherds are very particular about shearing their sheep at the moon's increase, and in the "Husbandman's Practice" (1664)—a book much used by our rural peasantry in years gone by—we are told to "shear sheep at the moon's increase." Amongst some of the signs by which the shepherd takes notice of the coming weather, we are told that if sheep gambol and fight, or make for the sheltered spots, rain is at hand, a piece of weather-lore which we find on the Continent—

"Si les moutons dansent, signe de vent;  
L'ils restent couchés, signe de pluie."

The Scotch shepherds tell us that before a storm old sheep eat greedily, but sparingly before a thaw. When they leave the high grounds and bleat much in the evening and during the night, stormy weather may be expected. In winter, too, when they feed down the hill, a snowstorm may be looked for; but when they feed up the burn it will not be long before rain approaches.

Again, whilst speaking of the shepherd's superstitions, we may note here a few of those charms for the cure of certain diseases supposed to reside in sheep. Thus it was formerly considered efficacious to walk amongst a flock of sheep, and in the case of pulmonary complaint highly beneficial. A correspondent of "Notes and Queries," living in Somersetshire, a few years ago wrote as follows: "A child in my parish has been for some time afflicted with disease of some of the respiratory organs. The mother was recommended to have it carried through a flock of sheep as they were let out of the fold in the morning. The time was considered to be of importance." Sleeping among



sheep was looked upon in Scotland as useful in the cure of any lingering disease; and it was regarded, too, a good plan to arise early in the morning and to go into the byres while they were being cleaned, and if the patient was able to give help in the cleaning, so much the better for his speedy recovery.\* Furthermore, for the cure of cramp, a common charm formerly resorted to consisted in the wearing about the person the patella of a sheep or lamb—generally known as the "cramp-bone." It was worn as near the skin as possible, and at night was laid under the pillow.

Once more, we may note here a well-known species of divination, popularly termed "Spatulamancia," or "divination by the blade-bone of a sheep," an art which is of very ancient origin. It is thus described by Drayton:

"By th' shoulder of a ram from off the right side par'd,  
Which usually they boile, the spade-bone being bar'd,  
Which when the wizard takes, and gazing thereupon,  
Things long to come foreshows, as things done long agone."

In Ireland, Camden speaks of looking through the blade-bone of a sheep to discover a black spot which foretells a death. As practised in Scotland, Mr. Thoms has given a full description in the "Folk-lore Record," from a manuscript account by Mr. Donald McPherson, a bookseller of Chelsea, a Highlander born, and who possessed a thorough knowledge of the customs and superstitions of his countrymen: "Before the shoulder-blade is inspected the whole of the flesh must be stripped clean off, without the use of any metal, either by a bone or a hard wooden knife; only the teeth. Most of the discoveries are made by inspecting the spots that may be observed in the semi-transparent part of the blade; but very great proficients penetrate into futurity through the opaque parts also. Nothing can be known that may happen beyond the circle of the ensuing year. The discoveries made have relation only to the person for whom the sacrifice is offered."

Alluding to the sports and pastimes of shepherds, we may mention an old game known as the "Nine Men's Morris," which was once a very popular recreation amongst them as they tended their flocks in the fields. It was also termed "Peg Morris," under which name it is called by Clare, who, speaking of the village shepherd-boy, says:

"Oft we may track his haunts, where he hath been  
To spend the leisure which his toils bestow,  
By Nine-peg Morris nicked upon the green."

A writer, describing this game as played in days gone by, says: "The shepherds and other boys dig up the turf with their knives to represent a sort of imperfect chess-board. It consists of a square, sometimes only a foot diameter, some-

times three or four yards. Within this is another square, every side of which is parallel to the external square, and these squares are joined by lines drawn from each corner of both squares and the middle of each line. One party, or player, has wooden pegs, the other stones, which they move in such manner as to take up each other's men, as they are called, and the area of the inner square is called 'the pound,' in which the men taken up are impounded. These figures are called by the country people 'Nine Men's Morris' because each party has nine men." After a continuance of rainy weather these squares were filled up with mud, to which Shakespeare alludes in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (ii. 2):

"The Nine Men's Morris filled up with mud,  
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,  
For lack of tread are undistinguishable."

Upon the enclosure of open fields this game in after years was transferred to a board, and still continues a fireside recreation of the agricultural peasantry. As a further proof of the popularity of this mode of diversion in past years, we may quote the following from Drayton's "Polyolbion":

"Or at th' unhappy wags, which let their cattel stray,  
At nine holes on the heath whilst they together play."

Another pastime practised by shepherds is the "Shepherd's Hey," or "Shepherd's Run." A greensward circle of considerable size is sunk below the surface of the grass. A mazy path, rather more than a foot in width, is formed within by a trench, three or four inches wide, cut on each side of it, and the trial of skill consists in running the maze from the outside to the small circle in the centre, in a given time, without crossing the boundaries of the path. Another name for this diversion was the "Shepherds' Race," or "Ring."

Lastly, we may quote, in conclusion, two curious customs which are not inappropriate to the subject of the preceding pages. Thus, in former years, singed sheep's heads were borne in the procession before the Scots in London on St. Andrew's Day. At Kidlington, in Oxfordshire, the custom was, says Blount, in his "Jocular Tenures," that "on Monday after Whitsun week a fat lamb was provided, and the maids of the town, having their thumbs tied behind them, ran after it, and she that with her mouth could take and hold the lamb was declared 'Lady of the Lamb.' The lamb, when dressed with the skin hanging on it, was carried on a long pole before the lady and her companions to the green, attended with music and a morris dance of men, and another of women, where the rest of the day was spent in dancing and merriment. The next day the lamb was part baked, roasted, and boiled for the lady's feast, when she sat majestically at the upper end of the table, and her companions with her, music and other diversions concluding the ceremony."

\* Gregor's "Folk-lore of North-east of Scotland," 1881. 133.

## ELECTRICITY AND ITS USES.

### II.—INDUCTION.

WE come now to the principle known as electrical induction, a principle which is of the highest importance, and on which all mechanical generators of electricity are based. The name is derived from the fact that an electrified body *induces* a charge of electricity in a non-electrified body brought within its

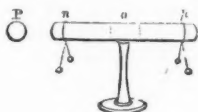


Fig. 7.

influence. For example, let *P*, Fig. 7, be a body charged with positive electricity, and let it be brought near a non-electrified body, *n p*, which, for the sake of demonstration, is usually a brass cylinder mounted on an insulating stem of glass, and having a pair of pith balls hung from its two ends. As the cylinder approaches *P* the pith balls will be seen to diverge, thereby showing that the ends of the cylinder have become electrified, and it will be found that the balls at *n* indicate a negative charge at that end, and the balls at *p* indicate a positive charge at the other. In short, the positive electricity on *P* has apparently separated the two fluids, which before were neutral in the cylinder, and attracted the negative or opposite fluid to the nearest point, *n*, while it has repelled the positive or similar fluid to the farthest point, *p*. This is what we should expect from the law that unlike electricities attract and like electricities repel each other.

It would seem, however, that there is here an "action at a distance" were it not for the presence of the air between the two bodies, and Faraday has shown that every molecule of air between the two bodies is acted on in the same way as the cylinder itself, and has become "polarised" like it—that is to say, has its side nearest *P*, showing a negative charge, and its side nearest the cylinder a positive charge, according to the imaginary Fig. 8, where *P* and *N* are the two bodies, and the

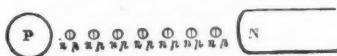


Fig. 8.

intervening circles are supposed to be the air molecules. Should the mutual attraction between *P* and *N* become too great for the air molecules to bear, the molecular bridge between them will break down under the stress, and the electricities will rush together through the air with a cracking sound and flash of light. This is the action which equally takes place when a spark is drawn from the prime conductor of an electric machine, or when a flash of lightning passes between an

electrified cloud moving over the surface of the earth and inducing opposite electricity on the fields, trees, and steeples below. As electricity tends to discharge from points, it is generally through some prominent object in the landscape that the lightning discharge takes place, and hence the necessity of having all high buildings protected.

We have said that this principle of induction is utilised in the construction of machines for generating electricity—notably in the Holtz frictional machine. And although we need not enter into the details of that complex apparatus, it will be requisite to explain how the principle is applied. Returning, then, to Fig. 7, it will readily be understood that if the charged body, *P*, be withdrawn from the cylinder, the two separated electricities will at once recombine, and the transient separation will exist no more. But if, while *P* is near the cylinder, we touch the remote end *p*, and thus take away the positive charge thereon, then on withdrawing our finger again we shall still leave the negative charge at the end (*n*); and on removing *P*, this negative charge having no longer an equal positive charge to combine with, will remain upon the cylinder as a free and permanent charge. In this way, then, can induction be made to generate new charges of electricity.

Not only, however, does a body with a fixed charge of electricity induce an opposite charge in another body standing near it, but a current of electricity flowing in a wire induces an opposite current in another wire close by. This is the greatest discovery of the immortal Faraday, and upon it are founded all the "induction coils" used by medical men for giving shocks to patients, and the modern dynamo-electric machines for generating the currents to feed electric lights and drive electric motors. In the year 1831 Faraday found that whenever an electric current is suddenly sent along a wire (*w*, Fig. 9), as shown by the



Fig. 9.

arrow, it instantly excites an opposite current in a second wire (*w'*) held parallel to the first. This induced current, however, is only momentary, and is evidently due to the first passage of the primary current through its wire. Though the primary current is kept flowing, the induced, or secondary current disappears; but when the primary current is suddenly stopped the induced one reappears, but flowing in a direction contrary to that which it followed before. In fact, the disturbance caused by starting and stopping the current in the primary

wire has the effect of setting up a contrary disturbance in the neighbouring wire.

This is the phenomenon known as electro-dynamic induction, or the induction of moving electricity; but Faraday made his discovery by also finding that the motion of a magnet near a wire induced a current in the latter. This action is called magneto-electric induction, and it does not matter whether the magnet moves and the wire is kept still, or the wire moves and the magnet is kept still. All that is necessary is that there should be a relative motion between the two, and that the wire should as it were pass through the magnetic space, or "field," between the two poles of the magnet. The strength of the current developed in this way depends of course on the power of the magnet and the resistance of the wire employed; but with the same magnet and wire the current is stronger the quicker the wire is moved through the "magnetic field," and the fairer it crosses the field at right angles to the line joining the two poles of the magnet. Thus, if  $N$  S (Fig. 10) are the two poles of a magnet, and  $w$  a

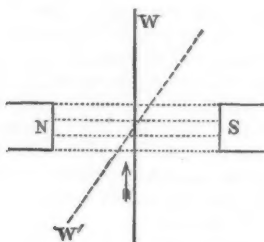


FIG. 10.

wire passing through between them, the current induced in it, shown by the arrow, will be stronger when it traverses the "lines" in the magnetic field at right angles in this way than when it crosses at a slant, as shown by the dotted line  $w'$ .

We have now reviewed some of the principal facts of electricity, and in succeeding pages we shall describe the chief applications which have been made of them. We may naturally inquire, what is this mysterious agent which is accomplishing so many wonders? The wisest electrician of our day can only shake his head and confess his ignorance of the answer. There have been many theories of electricity, but none of these can yet be taken for the truth. It has been called a "fluid," but it is not now regarded as matter at all; it has been called a "form of energy," but there are reasons for believing that even this very vague definition is incorrect. We know, however, that it is universal, or seemingly so, and that it is connected with every kind of physical change, from the rotting of a withered leaf to the outbursts on the surface of the sun. The whole earth is evidently charged with it, and it is visible in the comet's tail as well as the Aurora Borealis. It can be transformed into heat, light, magnetism, motion, and hence the true secret of it is evidently to be sought within the depths of Nature. Professor Challis, of Cambridge, long ago surmised it to be

due to the elasticity of the ether, which is more than believed to pervade all bodies, and if the recent experiments of Professor Bjerknes, of Christiania, yield the proper clue, electricity is nothing more than a peculiar wave motion of the ether. Professor Bjerknes imitates all the attractions and repulsions of magnetism and electricity by means of little pulsating drums immersed in a vessel of water; when two drums pulsate together in time they repel each other, even as two similarly electrified particles of matter repel each other, and when they pulsate out of time they attract each other, just as two dissimilarly electrified particles attract each other. May it not be then that the atoms of matter steeped in the ether are like these pulsating drums in the liquid water, and attract or repel each other according as their vibrations are harmonious or discordant?

### III.—THE TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE.

THE first electric telegraph put to any practical use was a short line erected in 1833 by Gauss and Weber, the celebrated German physicists, to connect the Observatory with their physical cabinet at the University of Gottingen. In 1837 Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone applied their needle telegraph instrument to a wire laid along the Great Western Railway, and in 1839 this line was extended as far as West Drayton, a distance of thirteen miles. The clever capture by its aid of a Quaker named Tawell, for a crime committed at Slough, brought the new invention into public note, and gave an important impulse to the development of the telegraph in England. This was the first telegraph line conveying public messages, and though Samuel Morse is fondly called the "Father of the Telegraph" by Americans, he is only the father of the American telegraph. Rightly viewed, the telegraph is not the work of any single man, and though the Morse telegraph instrument was invented as early as 1835, and publicly tried in 1837, the first telegraph line was not erected in the United States till 1844.

A land telegraph circuit consists of three parts:

1. The apparatus for sending the message.
2. The line for conveying it.
3. The apparatus for receiving the message.

Such a circuit is shown in Fig. 11, where  $b$ ,  $m$ ,

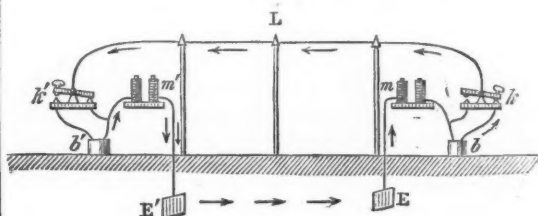


FIG. 11.

and  $k$  is the sending apparatus, and  $b$ ,  $m$ ,  $k$



the receiving apparatus, connected together in one complete circuit by the line wire ( $L$ ) and the "earth-plates" ( $E E'$ ), with the ground between. For though the electricity must, as we have already seen, have a complete course to flow in from one pole of the battery back to the other, it need not be entirely made up of wire. A wire is necessary to convey the current from one pole of the sending battery ( $b$ ) to the distant receiver ( $m'$ ), but it can return to the other pole through the earth itself if it be properly led into the ground. This is done by means of copper sheets buried in the ground at each station, and connected by wires to the apparatus and the line.

The telegraph line consists of the wire conveying the current, the poles supporting the wire above the ground, and the insulators which isolate the wire from the poles. The wire is usually of iron (No. 8 Birmingham wire gauge) protected from rusting by galvanising, or, in other words, coated with a thin layer of zinc. Wires of phosphor-bronze or steel cased in copper have also been introduced for overhead wires, but not to any great extent as yet. The poles are generally of larch wood in this country, but iron poles are frequently sent abroad to South Africa and other places where timber is rare or the white ant is too fond of it. The insulator is simply a prop of non-conducting substance, such as glass or earthenware inserted between the wire and pole to keep the current from leaving the wire and flowing through the pole into the ground, and thus taking a short cut back to the battery. The material of the insulator should therefore be highly insulating, and its shape should be such that rain or dews collected on its surface should not conduct the electricity to the pole. One of the best insulators is that of Mr. C. F. Varley, illustrated in section, Fig. 12. It consists of two inverted

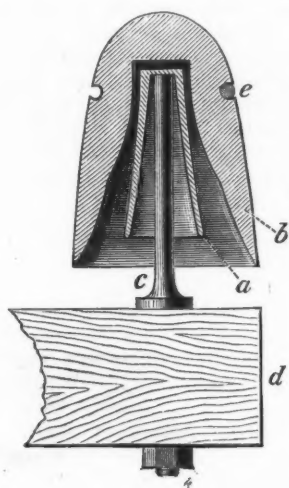


FIG. 12.

porcelain cups ( $a b$ ) placed one over the other. The inner cup screws into the outer and is cemented to an iron stem ( $c$ ), which is supported

from a wooden crossarm ( $d$ ) carried by the pole. The wire ( $e$ ) is bound to a groove in the side of the insulator by finer binding wire, and the electricity can only escape to the pole by traversing the whole surface of the outer and inner cups. As the inner cup is well sheltered from wet, it is very rarely that its surface becomes damp, and hence the insulation of the line keeps good. To guard the line from damage by powerful lightning currents in the wire endeavouring to leap to earth through the substance of the insulator, each pole is fitted with a lightning-rod in the shape of an iron wire which runs up from the ground and taps the air above the pole.

The arrangement of the apparatus for sending and receiving a message is shown in Fig. 11. At each station a key, or sending instrument ( $k$ ), a battery ( $b$ ) for supplying the current, and a receiving instrument ( $m$ ) for signalling the message, is connected between the end of the line wire ( $L$ ) and the "earth"-plate ( $E$ ). The key is a simple device for opening or closing the circuit of the current, and stopping it or allowing it to flow at the will of the operator. In its simplest form it consists, as will be seen, of a short metal lever pivoted at the middle, like a sway-bar, and thus supported over the wooden base below. At each end of the lever there is a small contact stud of platinum, which is placed directly over a corresponding stud on the base; so that when the operator grasps the knob or handle of the lever and works it up and down, the key makes and breaks contact with the studs below.

Now it will be seen from Fig. 11 that since the line wire is connected to the middle of the lever, and the bottom studs are respectively connected to the battery ( $b$ ) and the receiving instrument ( $m$ ), the line wire can be put in connection either with the battery or the receiver by working the key, and the apparatus at either station can be put in the attitude of sending or receiving. Thus in the figure the position of the key on the right is that for sending a signal, and the position of the key on the left is that for receiving it. With such an arrangement only one station can send at a time, and the other must be in the attitude of receiving. There are arrangements of the apparatus, however, which enable both stations to send at the same time—and not only one message each, but even two or more. Such are the duplex, quadruplex, and multiplex systems of telegraphy.

The sending instrument which we have described simply makes and breaks the current from one pole of the battery, and the sense of the signals depends on the length of time the current is closed for each signal. Thus a short, or momentary closure, forms one elementary signal (technically called a "dot"), and a closure about three times as long forms the other elementary signal (known as a "dash"). An intelligent combination of these signals forms the message. Every letter of the alphabet has its equivalent in "dots" and "dashes," according to a code invented by Samuel Morse, and now universally employed in telegraphy. The following table gives the Morse Code, the short lines representing dots, and the long lines dashes:

Letter.	Sign.	Letter.	Sign.
A	---	N	---
B	----	O	----
C	-----	P	-----
D	-----	Q	-----
E	---	R	----
F	-----	S	----
G	-----	T	---
H	----	U	----
I	---	V	-----
J	-----	W	-----
K	-----	X	-----
L	-----	Y	-----
M	-----	Z	-----

Ch	-----
Call signal	-----
Understand	-----
Correct or rub out	-----
Wait	-----
End of message	-----

Figure.	Sign.	Figure.	Sign.
1	-----	6	-----
2	-----	7	-----
3	-----	8	-----
4	-----	9	-----
5	-----	0	-----

Besides these signals there are a number of others for diphthongs, punctuation marks, and directions. Similar signs to these are actually marked on a strip of travelling paper by the Morse receiver, or "ink-writer." This is done by the device shown in Fig. 13, where *L* is the line

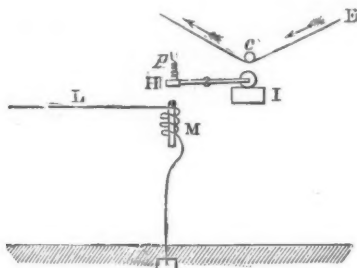


FIG. 13.

wire connected to an electro-magnet (*M*), which

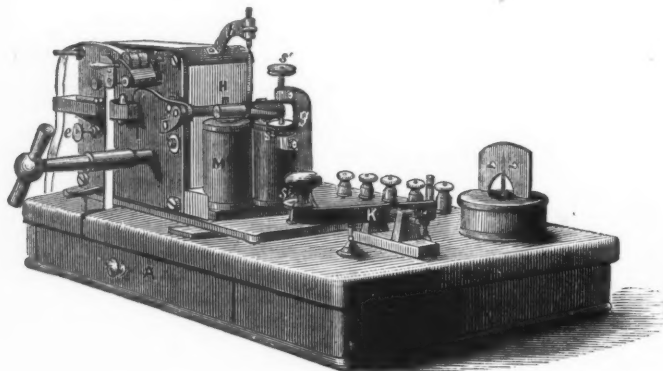


FIG. 14.

is, in turn, connected to the earth-plate. *H* is a pivoted metal lever, carrying at the end, over the pole of the electro-magnet, a soft iron "armature," and at the other a thin brass disc, which dips into an ink-box (*i*) and smears its edge with ink. Above the disc runs a ribbon of paper (*E*) which is pulled along by clockwork in the direction of the arrows, and passes under the roller (*c*). Now, when the circuit is broken by the operator working his key at the sending station, no current will flow from the line through the electro-magnet (*m*), and consequently the spring (*p*) attached to the lever will hold the armature back, and the marking-disc will keep within the ink-box. But when the sending clerk closes the circuit a current will excite the magnet, attract the armature, and tilt up the disc against the paper, thereby making a mark, which will be a "dot" or a "dash," according as the current is short or long.

The actual Morse instrument, as used in the postal telegraph service, is illustrated in Fig. 14, where *M* is the electro-magnet, *H* the armature and lever, *E* the travelling paper, and *i* the ink-box, as before. The other parts indicated, such as the drawer (*A*), the screws (*s*), and (*e*), are merely accessories, and the lever (*K*) is a Morse key, such as we have already described for sending signals. It is fitted on the same base as the receiver for convenience sake.

The Morse ink-writer has the advantage of giving a permanent record of the message, but with skilful receiving-clerks this is not essential, and hence a simpler apparatus on the same principle is gradually superseding it. This is the "Sounder," which, instead of marking the message down, beats it out with a small hammer on an anvil. Fig. 15 represents the post-office pattern of this little instrument. It consists of a powerful electro-magnet (*M*), a hammer (*H*) which is attracted to the magnet when the current passes, and a regulating screw (*s*) for controlling the play of the hammer. This hammer, it will be seen, is merely the pivoted lever and armature of the Morse printer divested of the ink-marker. Now, when the dot-dash currents pass from the telegraph line through the magnet, the hammer is attracted, and hits the anvil with a succession of ringing taps, which the trained ear of the clerk soon learns to interpret as a message. The effect

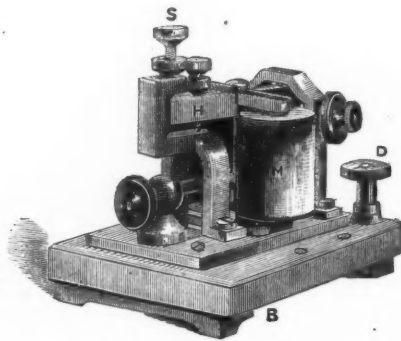


FIG. 15.

is transient, and there is no record of the signals to refer to in case of doubt, but it is easier to

write down a message from the ear than copy it from written signals.

## LEICHHARDT, THE AUSTRALIAN EXPLORER.

RECENT accounts from Australia have revived the interest formerly taken in the exploration of that great South land. Some may yet remember the anxiety felt about the mysterious disappearance of Dr. Leichhardt and his party, lost in the interior thirty-four years ago. There were many explorers before and after his time, several of whom perished in the wilderness, but they have been all satisfactorily accounted for. Notwithstanding expeditions sent in search of him and his seven companions, with their horses, mules, cattle, sheep, and equipments, not a vestige of them was found until lately. Information has now come to hand that his journal, and that of a companion, were obtained from the aborigines by a settler, the contents of which are said to explain the mystery of their disappearance. In the colony of New South Wales the discovery has caused a great sensation; and the Government, it is reported, has agreed to pay six thousand pounds demanded for the recovery of the journals, telescope, and compass of the explorers. Without anticipating the disclosures of these documents, it may not be uninteresting to recall some particulars of Leichhardt's first expedition.

When we consider that the geographical area of this island-continent is nearly three-fourths the dimensions of Europe, or thirty-five times the superficies of Great Britain, with a coast-line extending to some nine thousand miles, it may be estimated what a gigantic territory has been before the colonists to explore and colonise since the first settlement was established at Sydney eighty-six years ago. For half a century indefatigable pioneers penetrated into south-eastern territory, and surveyed the boundaries of the three colonies in that region. But the country beyond, to the north and west, excepting the small Swan River settlement, was unexplored a hundred miles from the seaboard, while the central land was a *terra incognita*. It was in order to discover the nature of these unknown regions that Dr. Ludwig Leichhardt, an accomplished naturalist and traveller, undertook to conduct an exploring party, with a slender equipment, supplemented by contributions in money and kind from the colonists, without patronage or aid from the Government. Hence it became a popular expedition, and enlisted the sympathies of all the settlers who would benefit by the opening up of extended fields for depasturing their flocks and herds, and by the stimulus otherwise given to colonial enterprise.

The route selected for the expeditionary party was from Moreton Bay on the extreme east coast—where Dr. Leichhardt had previously been

exploring for two years—to Port Essington, a harbour of refuge in the farthest north. A line drawn between these points on the map will trend from south-east to north-west, and measure about twelve hundred miles; but in the desultory track of exploration that was more than doubled, and so also was the time calculated in performing the journey. Of course, in all such travels through savage countries, where there are little or no supplies for the sustenance of civilised man, the chief requirement is a portable commissariat. This was arranged so that meat could be had in the bodies of oxen, carrying packs containing bags of flour, packages of tea, sugar, salt, and other necessary articles. At starting, the supplies were calculated to last seven months, which the leader was sanguine enough to think would be a sufficient time for accomplishing the journey. The party comprised seven Europeans, one American negro, and two aborigines.

After a month's experience in travelling through the unknown wilderness, it became painfully evident to Leichhardt that he had been too sanguine in his calculations as to finding a sufficiency of game to furnish the party with supplementary animal food, and that the want of it was impairing their strength. Accordingly it was reduced by two of its members, who returned to Moreton Bay. But the difficulties met with in their progress continued very trying to save their precious provisions from loss or damage. The slightest accident, or the packs getting loose during the day's journey, frequently caused the bullocks to upset their loads and break their straps, giving great trouble to catch them. At night, if allowed to stray, they would invariably go back to the previous camp, so that a careful watch had to be kept on their movements. In addition to these drawbacks, which delayed their progress, the scarcity of water caused great suffering both to men and animals. As a rule Australia is an arid region, especially towards the centre, where a large river from the east and several smaller streams are lost in a sandy desert land. Hence thirst is as much dreaded as hunger to the traveller in the interior of that inhospitable country, especially during the summer, when the temperature in the shade reaches  $115^{\circ}$  and in the sun  $150^{\circ}$ . It was at the height of this season, which occurs during the depths of the European winter, from November to February, when the party passed from the temperate latitudes into the tropics of Australia.

It is no part of this brief paper to give any description of the country discovered by the explorers. Suffice it to say that fifteen years afterwards it formed the greater part inland of the



flourishing colony of Queensland, established in 1859. Most of the prominent peaks, plains, mountain ranges, and rivers were named by Leichhardt in his journal after the colonists who contributed and assisted in fitting out his party. Many of these localities, previously inhabited only by a few wandering savages, are now the abodes of enterprising settlers, with their flocks and herds. In his interesting journal Leichhardt always had that object in view where the country opened up good prospects for settlers. As the travellers got northward he refers in touching terms to the views of the constellations on nearing the equator as follows:—

"Sleeping in the open air at night, a bright sky with its stars above us, we were naturally led to observe more closely the hourly changes of the heavens. We had reached a latitude which allowed us not only to see the brightest stars of the southern, but of the northern hemisphere, and I shall never forget the intense pleasure I experienced, and that evinced by my companions, when I first called them about four o'clock in the morning to see the familiar seven stars of Ursa Major."

After travelling down the greatest length of latitude on their route, the course trended westward, chiefly in a longitudinal direction, south of the great Gulf of Carpentaria. Here the vegetation presented groves of palms and other trees of a tropical character, while some of the rivers were tenanted by alligators. But what brought dismay amongst them was the numerous and hostile tribes of aborigines, who had hitherto been harmless. One night a shower of barbed spears were thrown into their camp, killing one of the Englishmen and wounding another. This was the precursor of other disasters, while they had to be continually on the watch against native attacks. Some of the flour was lost by accident, and then soon gave out, while the supply of tea became exhausted. This was a great want, as it was unquestionably one of the most important provisions of such an expedition in reviving its members after fatigue. Sugar was of little consequence, nor did they feel inconvenience from the want of flour, but felt the loss of salt. By this time their clothes became worn out, and they were all in rags on arriving at the station of Port Essington in December, 1845, after a journey of sixteen months, covering nearly 3,000 miles of unexplored ground. They were most kindly received by the commandant and officers of the garrison, who supplied them with everything they wanted.

"I was deeply affected," Leichhardt writes in his journal, "in finding myself again in civilised society, and could scarcely speak, the words growing big with tears and emotion; and, even now, when considering with what small means the Almighty had enabled me to perform such a long journey, my heart thrills in grateful acknowledgment of His infinite goodness."

During their absence the explorers were given up for lost, while two parties were sent in search of them. On their arrival in Sydney they were received with great rejoicing and enthusiasm, and it was resolved that a substantial testimonial

should be given to the successful party. At a public meeting presided over by the Speaker of the Legislative Council, upwards of £1,500 was presented to them; in addition, the Government placed £1,000 at their disposal. Part of these moneys enabled Leichhardt to fit out his second expedition in February, 1848, from which he never returned, so that the colonists look with intense interest upon the journals now found as to his sad fate.

SAMUEL MOSSMAN.

## THE BROKEN WINDOW.

AN EASY LESSON IN POLITICAL ECONOMY.

HAVE you ever witnessed the wrath of Mr. Briggs, when his careless if not mischievous boy happens to break a square of glass? If you have, certainly you have observed that all the servants, were there ever so many, would be ready to give a word of consolation of this sort to the unfortunate master: "There is something good in every misfortune. Such accidents as these are good for trade. Everybody must live. What would become of the glaziers if people never broke panes of glass?"

Now, there is in this formula of condolence throughout an erroneous and fallacious theory, which it is well to seize and expose in so simple a case, for it is just the same in kind as that which unfortunately prevails in dealing with very many economical questions.

Supposing that five shillings must be spent to repair the broken glass, it is said that the accident causes a gain of five shillings to the glazing trade, and that it encourages the aforesaid industry to that extent. All this I grant; I do not dispute it in the least; it is reasoning correctly. The glazier will come, will do his work, will take the five shillings, will rub his hands, and in his heart will bless the mischievous elf. All this is plainly seen.

But if, by way of inference, people jump to the conclusion, as they do too often, that it is good to break windows, that it makes money circulate, that there results from it an advantage for trade in general, then I am obliged to exclaim, "Stop there! Your theory holds good for what you plainly see, but it does not take into consideration what you do not so plainly see."

You do not see that inasmuch as Mr. Briggs spent five shillings in one way he could not spend them in another way; you do not see that if he had not been obliged to replace the pane of glass, he might have replaced, for example, his worn-out shoes, or added another book to his little library, or in some other way made use of his five shillings.

Let us take into account trade in general. The pane being broken, the glazier is advantaged by the outlay of five shillings. This is what is at once seen. If the pane had not been broken the shoemaker, or some other tradesman, would have been advantaged by the outlay of the same money. This is what is not at once seen.

Well, then, you may say, "All things considered, there is for trade in general no advantage, whether windows be broken or not."

Stop again; let us in this view consider the case of Mr. Briggs.

On the first hypothesis, that of the pane being broken, he spends five shillings, and has neither more nor less than before, the value of a pane of glass.

On the second hypothesis, that in which the accident had not occurred, he would have spent five shillings in shoes, and would have had at the same time the enjoyment of a pair of shoes, or a book, or whatever he got for his five shillings, as well as a pane of glass. Now, as Mr. Briggs is a member of society in general, we must conclude from this, taking society as a whole, and a balance being drawn concerning its labour and its enjoy-

ments, that there is a loss of the value of the broken pane.

Hence, generalising from individual cases, we arrive at this unexpected conclusion: Society loses to the amount of things uselessly destroyed. To break, to crack, to throw away, is not to encourage national industry. The glazier may say that breaking glass is good for his trade, but it is bad for every other trade, and for the community as a whole.

Legislators, journalists, and all who seek the general welfare, must consider whether any theory or proposal is for the advantage of a particular class or a special industry, or whether it is for the benefit of the people at large.\*

\* We borrow this happy illustration of the broken pane of glass from a little treatise by the distinguished political economist, M. Bastiat, entitled "*Ce qu'on voit et ce qu'on voit pas*."

## Varieties.

### Scientific Errata.

Count Saporta, one of the foremost of the maintainers of the evolution theory among the palaeontologists, has just had to submit to a humbling correction. In his superb volume, entitled "The World of Plants before the Appearance of Man," there is a frontispiece representing a fossil fern from the State of Angers, beautifully delineated on the plate in gold and colour, as becomes its destination, and named *Eopteris Morieri*, after its discoverer. The specimen came from undoubted Silurian strata, and is stated to be the most ancient land-plant known. The figure is remarkably like the fern called *Cyclopteris*, found in our coal-measures, but Saporta learnedly points out some differences. The figure conjures up mysterious visions of the most ancient land, decorated with leafy crowns similar to those we now use to adorn our tables. Professor Dawson, in his charming introduction to palaeontology, called "The Chain of Life," published by the Religious Tract Society, quite recently adopts Saporta's description, and gives a plate of the important and unique fern. He says, however, that "it presents some remarkable irregularities in the form of its pinnae, which suggest doubts as to its real nature." Subsequently to this publication, Dr. Sterry Hunt, microscope in hand, and a full knowledge of the rigorous laws of crystallisation in his head, proves to the satisfaction of Dr. Dawson and all beholders that the supposed leaves are mere films of pyrites, and never had any connection with vegetation of any kind! The central stem, which Dr. Dawson is now inclined to regard as that of a seaweed, may only be the cast of a worm-track; but, in fact, it is too indistinct to be determined, save that we may now be quite sure that it does not represent a fern. In like manner, Saporta's supposed fossil plants (*Marines primordiales*), represented at pp. 164, 165 of his work, are certainly impressions of the trails of worms or molluscan creatures made on the surface of a muddy sea-bottom. Such errors of observation are inevitable in the progress of a science based on geological evidence. They will disappear in the advance of knowledge, but in the meantime care should be taken that they are not made the base of a doctrine of evolution by furnishing evidence of supposed intermediate forms, or "indefinitely small gradations," which have had no existence. The facts show that error is at least possible in learned scientific treatises, and that the chorus of an old song is grounded on accurate observation,—

"Learned men,

Now and then,

Yield to very strange vagaries." S. R. P.

### A Boy's First Ship-letter.

A boy's first letter from on board ship may be interesting to others than the mother to whom it was written, therefore we give extracts from one that has been put into our hands by the author of our last year's story, "Will he no' come back again?"—

Early on Sunday, 10th July, we reached Deal. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday were all either dead calm or very light wind, so that it was not till Saturday evening that we reached the Scilly Isles, at which we stopped some little time. Five boats came off with fruit and vegetables, which came in handy on the passage. Then we said good-bye to England, from which we were 400 miles on the 20th. We had rather squally weather on the 20th and 21st. On Thursday night we passed the Madeiras at a distance of twenty miles. We spoke a Norwegian schooner, who said they would report us "all well." We have seen whales, blackfish, albacore, flying-fish, nautilus, Portuguese men-o'-war, sharks, dolphins, bonitoes. We caught some of the two last and had them to eat. The dolphin reminds me of mackerel and the bonito of salmon. About the middle of August we entered the doldrums. The rain came down in one sheet. We caught so much that we filled one 800-gallon tank and two 100-gallon casks in two hours. On the evening of Thursday, the 25th, when we crossed the line, a cry was heard, "Ship ahoy!" The mate answered "Hullo!" "What ship is that?" "James Thomson." "Where bound?" "Port Natal." "Where from?" "London." "Got any of my children who have not been christened?" "Yes, about half a dozen." Over the bows came, first, Neptune, then the barber and lather-boy, then four bobbies two abreast. The procession came aft to the poop, where the captain and mate were standing. You have heard or read of how Neptune's children are treated. The ceremony is less rough than it used to be, at least when the captain does not allow fun to go to excess. After I had been shaved we all had to drink Neptune's health in rum. Worse stuff I never tasted. I had rather have taken castor-oil. I also thought it was one of the times on which you would allow me to taste strong drink! You told me to say what I am doing and how do I like it? I cannot tell you all that I am doing—splicing broken gear, taking down old sails and bending new ones (for I can go to the truck at the mast-head with the best of them), scraping the masts and paint-work, painting and tarring the ship, etc., etc., etc. As for liking the sea-life, nothing suits me better. We have had fine weather on the whole, except a few days before we got to

Natal, when we had what *you* would call a horrible storm, what *sailors* would call a capful. It was something like what blew down the Tay Bridge. When we got to Natal we found that if we had been two days earlier we would have got in over the bar; so we will have to wait outside for a fortnight. We are very busy unloading the cargo just now. Before we were a week out I took my two hours' look-out at night and two hours at the wheel. Two days after I came on board, the mate asked me if I could coil the main-deck down the fore-companion! I said, "Yes, if he would stand below and catch it as it came down!" There is a fiddle and a concertina on board, and we have some fine larks with them after knock-off at six o'clock. To-day we saw two thresher sharks and a sword-fish attacking a whale. The captain said that they would kill it in the end. The thresher shark's tail is made on purpose for whipping whales. One side is longer than the other. The sword-fish spears the whale with its sword, and while the whale jumps half out of the water the shark leaps over the whale, and as it comes down on the other side strikes the whale with a whack which can be heard some distance. . . . Remember me to all our chums.

—S. L. S.

**Dutch Etiquette.**—From correspondents in Holland we have received criticisms on the article in our February number on Dutch Etiquette. One letter says that there is exaggeration as to the alleged number of the nobility, and of professors, and officials. Utrecht, being an aristocratic city, a large proportion of the landed nobility reside there in winter, which may have led the writer to suppose that the same proportion existed elsewhere. There are only thirty-six professors for the five faculties in the University, and not more than five lecturers. The same correspondent says that the writer has mistaken the reason for some streets being avoided at certain times by ladies; also that it is etiquette for ladies to be tidy at all hours in their homes, although there be some slovenly persons in Holland just as in England. Another correspondent says that the English lady must be given to be satirical, and that the account of the bowings and salutations is a caricature, as well as other alleged "customs and manners." The writer of the article guarded herself by saying that she wrote only of what she herself observed, and explains that some points are open to criticism because appearing under the general title of "Dutch Etiquette," which her critics think should have been confined only to the best usages of the best society. She had no wish to give any offence, having nothing but the warmest remembrances of her residence in the country. We may add an expression of regret if any words causing pain appeared in our magazine, which has many readers in Holland and in the Dutch colonies.

**Cobden and Bright.**—It has often been pointed out how the two great spokesmen of the League were the complements of one another; how their gifts differed, so that one covered exactly the ground which the other was predisposed to leave comparatively untouched. The differences between them, it is true, were not so many as the points of resemblance. If in Mr. Bright there was a deeper austerity, in both there was the same homeliness of illustration, and the same graphic plainness. Both avoided the stilted abstractions of rhetoric, and neither was ever afraid of the vulgarity of details. In Cobden, as in Bright, we feel that there was nothing personal or small, and that what they cared for so vehemently were great causes. There was a resolute standing aloof from the small things of party, which would be almost arrogant, if the whole texture of what they had to say were less thoroughly penetrated with political morality and with humanity. Then there came the points of difference. Mr. Bright had all the resources of passion alive within his breast. He was carried along by vehement political anger, and, deeper than that, there glowed a wrath as stern as that of an ancient prophet. To cling to a mischievous error seemed to him to savour of moral depravity and corruption of heart. What he saw was the selfishness of the aristocracy and the landlords, and he was too deeply moved by hatred of this to care to deal very patiently with the bad reasoning which their own self-interest inclined his adversaries to mistake for good. His invective was not the expression of mere irritation, but a profound and menacing passion. Hence he dominated his audiences from a height, while his companion rather drew

them along after him as friends and equals. Cobden was by no means incapable of passion, of violent feeling, or of vehement expression. Still, it was not passion to which we must look for the secret of his oratorical success. I have asked many scores of those who knew him, Conservatives as well as Liberals, what this secret was, and in no sense did my interlocutor fail to begin, and in nearly every case he ended as he had begun, with the word persuasiveness. Cobden made his way to men's hearts by the union which they saw in him of simplicity, earnestness, and conviction, with a singular facility of exposition. This facility consisted in a remarkable power of apt and homely illustration, and a curious ingenuity in framing the argument that happened to be wanted. Besides his skill in thus hitting on the right argument, Cobden had the oratorical art of presenting it in a way that made its admission to the understanding of a listener easy and unbidden. Then men were attracted by his mental alacrity, by the instant readiness with which he turned round to grapple with a new objection. Prompt and confident, he was never at a loss, and he never hesitated.—*The Life of Richard Cobden.* By John Morley.

**Russia.**—Mr. Gallenga, the "Times" special correspondent, says:—"At the end of my four months' visit I am about to leave Russia with the same feelings of sympathy and goodwill with which I entered it. I wish for the welfare of this great country, and have full faith in it. I think, at least, that the country has been and is advancing at a prodigiously rapid rate in spite of the shortcomings of the Government, and I hardly dare say how much further its prosperity might be carried by rulers who should give it a chance, who should better inquire into its wants and satisfy its wishes; rulers who should give the country peace and at least partial disarmament, and a reasonable amount of freedom, self-government, and sound education; who should equally consult the interests of every branch of trade and industry on the principle of an elevated commercial and economical policy; who should base sovereign authority on the people's strong instincts of loyalty, and should not suffer their devotional feelings to be misled by the arts of a corrupt and tyrannical priesthood."

**Fish Diet.**—Our old correspondent, the Rev. W. Wyatt Gill, writes from Rarotonga:—"I am interested in the discussion going on at home about fish as food for the brain. Now for many years past there have been resident in this institution from fifty to seventy natives of various islands of the South Pacific. The most quick-witted students come from low coral islands, and have grown to manhood on a diet of fish and cocoa-nuts. In muscular strength, however, and in the power of endurance, they are decidedly inferior to the inhabitants of volcanic islands, who used a mixed diet."

**Chambers's Journal.**—The present year is the Jubilee year of the well-known Edinburgh magazine, started in 1832 by the brothers William and Robert Chambers. The surviving brother gave in the number for Saturday, January 26, a most interesting autobiographical sketch, and may it be long before a fuller memoir is needed of this worthy patriarch of periodical literature.

**Emigration.**—I do not want, as a citizen of a country which courts emigration, to understate its advantages; at the same time I feel the responsibility of encouraging any one to emigrate. I have had to do with emigrants, and I know that all, even those who are destined to prosper most in the end, have to go through a period of despondency and home-sickness. This is particularly the case with mechanics and persons of that class who find things not exactly as they are at home, think that all is wrong, and lose heart. A labouring man—healthy, hard-working, sober, and thrifty—cannot fail, I believe, to do better in the New World than he could possibly do at home. But the British farmer, if he has reached middle-age, with his fixed habits and ideas, accustomed as he is to all the aids and appliances of a long-settled and highly-civilised country, with the mechanic always at hand to do for him what the American or Canadian does for himself, is hardly the man for the life of a pioneer; he is likely to do better by taking one of the farms in the East which are left vacant by adventurous Americans and Canadians moving West. Of mechanics I believe there are nearly enough for the present both in Canada and in the United States, though, of



course, the increase of the general population is always making fresh openings, especially in the West. Domestic servants are in demand, particularly such as can cook; but they must not expect the same punctilious divisions of household labour which there are here; they will have to follow the general rule of the continent, by mixing trades and doing things which here they would say were not their place. The class of callings which, I must repeat, is over-stocked, almost as much as it is in this country, is the lighter and more intellectual class, such as are commonly sought by the sons of gentlemen and educated men. Let not any man cross the Atlantic in quest of these, for if he does he is not unlikely to be an example, by no means the first, of highly-educated men seeking in vain for the humblest and coarsest employment that he may eat bread. I have only to add that any emigrant, English, Scotch, or Irish, who comes to Canada will find himself among friends.—*Professor Goldwin Smith.*

**Railway Extra Luggage.**—The commercial traveller of a Philadelphia house, while in Tennessee, approached a stranger as the train was about to start, and said: "Are you going on this train?" "I am." "Have you any baggage?" "No." "Well, my friend, you can do me a favour, and it won't cost you anything. You see I have two rousing big trunks, and they always make me pay extra for one of them. You can get one checked on your ticket, and we'll escape them. See?" "Yes, I see; but I haven't any ticket." "But I thought you said you were going on this train?" "So I am. I'm the conductor." "Oh!" He paid extra, as usual.

**Mr. Spurgeon on the Persecution of the Jews.**—Writing on this question, Mr. Spurgeon says: "All our sympathies are aroused for the Jews who are being brutally treated in Russia. One is made to blush for the name of Christian when we see it mixed up with murder, plunder, and ravishment. The long catalogue of Russian atrocities is enough to move a heart of stone. That followers of the Lord Jesus should hound to death the nation from which He sprang, according to the flesh, is a strange perversity of ignorant zeal which all true believers should deplore day and night. Let the House of Israel know assuredly that all real followers of Jesus of Nazareth desire the good of their nation and lament their persecutions. We pray that Israel may accept the Messiah whom we reverence, but we cannot hope that this will be the case while so much wrong-doing is perpetrated against them."

**Irish Progress.**—I do not believe that there is a labouring population in all Europe—although the condition of the Irish labourer still leaves much to be desired—which, in the course of the last twenty years, has made the progress from the extreme point of depression equal to that of the Irish labourers. Let me look at the farming class, which may be said almost to constitute the body of the nation as the term is understood in Ireland. Let me look at the indication supplied by the surplus wealth. Forty years ago the deposits in the Irish banks, which are the indications of their private savings, were about £5,000,000. Some fifteen years later than that they had risen some six or seven millions. There are now deposits in the Irish banks, which represent almost only the honest earnings and savings of the Irish farmers, to a sum of nearly thirty millions of money. Of course, I do not mean to say that the whole of that large sum consists of agricultural savings, but, at all events, you cannot mistake the meaning of the comparison between the thirty millions of the present day with the five millions of some thirty or forty years ago. If I am to speak of moral progress in Ireland, I say that it has been remarkable, and it is associated with legal progress in regard to every kind and every class of legal offence but one. There is still one painful and grievous exception—the exception of agrarian offences. But you will rejoice with me when I record the fact that, whereas, fifty years ago, the whole of the community was a community adverse to the execution of law, and while, I think, there were then some fourteen thousand offenders annually committed, the law is now, as to all offences except agrarian offences, as well executed in Ireland as it is in England, and the numbers recorded in our statistical comparisons of criminal offences have fallen from fourteen thousand to three thousand. These are indications of progress about which there can be no mistake.—*Speech of the Marquis of Hartington.*

**"Helpmeets and Hinderers."**—In presiding at a lecture given recently at Ipswich by Miss Marianne Farningham, Lord John Hervey made humorous allusion to the subject on which they were to have an address. Lord John said he was at a loss to know what was meant by helpmeets and hinderers. He had always understood that a helpmeet was a wife, and he supposed that a hinderer was a husband, and it was possibly because he had not the good fortune to stand in that capacity to any lady at present that he had been chosen to preside on that occasion. He somewhat surmised that the subject of the lecture would be that of women's rights, not in its political but in its social sense, and upon that subject he had no inveterate prejudice. His feeling was that whatever position, whatever privileges, and whatever work experience proved that woman was physically, morally, and intellectually fitted for, that work and position and those privileges she ought to have full right and opportunity to perform and enjoy.—Miss Marianne Farningham said there was a story to the effect that the Revision Committee hesitated a little in regard to the word helpmeet, which occurred in a very early part of the Bible. One or two thought that the word scarcely expressed all that the original was intended to convey, but after some discussion it was left as it now stands, and therefore she had felt that the word was especially appropriate as a portion of the title of her lecture, which was altogether about women. She claimed for her sisters an acknowledgment that most of them, from the highest to the lowest, were trying to faithfully serve God by being what they were intended to be—helpmeets everywhere, and under all circumstances. Still to be a woman did not necessarily mean to be helpmeet, and it would assist them to ask and answer the question—who were the helpmeets? Helpmeets were generally those whose loving souls deemed no work drudgery if done for those for whom they cared; who had eyes to see, and hearts to feel, and minds to understand the wants of others; the busy people who always had too much to do, but could always do a little more; the people who could find leisure to live for others, as they did not live for themselves. But there were some women in the world who were hinderers and not helpmeets. These were the women who in their young days had given way to idleness, self-indulgence, and sloth, against which the lecturer cautioned all her young hearers. In this busy race of life man wanted not a hinderer but a helpmeet in his home, and, to use a homely phrase, women in these days should be "up to the mark." The future of English women would be what they made it, and it would be a sad future if they were not content, as their mothers were, to be helpmeets.

**Jews in Russia.**—The "Jewish Chronicle" published a translation of the Circular issued by General Ignatieff on the meeting of the Commissions on the Petition of the Jews. We give the translation:—Some time ago (says the Circular), the Government gave its attention to the Jews (of whom there are very many in Russia), and to their relations to the rest of the people in the Empire, with the view of ascertaining the sad condition of the Christian inhabitants brought about by the conduct of the Jews in business matters, which (conduct) provoked fanaticism. The last twenty years the Government has tried in many and various ways to bring the Jews nearer to its other inhabitants, and has almost given them equal rights with them (the Christians). The movements, however, against the Jews, which began last spring in Southern Russia, and extended to Central Russia, prove, incontestably, that all its endeavours have been of no avail, and ill-feeling prevails now, as much as ever, between the Jewish and Christian inhabitants of those parts. Now, the proceedings at the trial of those charged with rioting, and other evidence, bear witness to the fact that the main cause of those movements and riots—to which the Russians as a nation are strangers—was but a commercial one, and is as follows:—During the last twenty years the Jews have possessed themselves of not only every trade and business in all its branches, and also a great part of the land by buying or farming it. With few exceptions they have, as a body, set their minds upon not enriching or benefiting the country, but defrauding by their wiles its inhabitants, and particularly its poorer inhabitants. This their conduct has called forth opposition on the part of the people as manifested in their acts of violence and robbery. The Government while on the one hand doing its best to put down the disturbances and to deliver the Jews from oppres-

sion and slaughter, have also, on the other hand, thought it a matter of urgency and justice to adopt stringent measures in order to put an end to oppression practised by the Jews on the inhabitants, and to free the country from their (the Jews') bad deeds, which were, as is known, the cause of the agitation. With this view it has appointed Commissions (in all the towns inhabited by Jews), whose duty it is to inquire into the following matters:—I. What are the trades of the Jews which are injurious to the inhabitants of the place? II. What makes it impracticable to put into force the former laws limiting the rights of the Jews in the matter of buying and farming land, the trade in intoxicants, and (interest) usury? III. How can those laws be altered so that they (the Jews) shall no longer be enabled to evade them, or, what new laws are required to stop their pernicious conduct in business? IV. Give (besides the answers to the foregoing questions) the following additional information:—(a) On the usury practised by the Jews in their dealings with Christians, in cities, towns, and villages. (b) The number of public-houses kept by Jews in their own name, or in that of a Christian. (c) The number of people in service with Jews, or under their control. (d) The extent (acreage) of the land in their possession, by buying or farming. (e) The number of Jew agriculturists.

**Ventilation.**—Admiral Hamilton, referring to the principle of Tobin's tube system of ventilation, says: "In one very high room at Pembroke Dock I placed a circular piece of metal about eight feet above the tube to diffuse the air in the lower part of the room more speedily than if it ascended to the high roof. Like a current of water, if meeting no solid opposition, it would, of course, be gradually diffused by the resistance offered by the air. The sloping tube we adopted in other cases. In our dockyard chapel the tube was brought in through the wall, but as the gabled ceiling was too low, if the breeze was strong there was some draught, but in general this system is literally ventilation without draught. The tube may be of any required diameter, and may be square—of wood, if cheaper or more easily got than metal. When there is the slightest difference of temperature between the air of the room and that of the air outside, the change of the air in the room commences, and the ventilation is gradually secured without the slightest trouble or discomfort."

**A Year's Emigration to the United States.**—During 1881, 432,635 immigrants landed at Castle Garden. This shows an increase over 1880 of 105,264. The increase for the last four years over the preceding four years is 114,041. From January 1st to December 1st in the past year there were landed at Castle Garden 188,255 immigrants from Germany, 62,406 from Ireland, 36,552 from England, 35,335 from Sweden, 13,895 from Norway, 13,208 from Italy, 11,068 from Switzerland, 10,507 from Scotland, 9,226 from Bohemia, 9,147 from Russia, 8,721 from Denmark, 8,035 from the Netherlands, 5,964 from Hungary, 4,029 from Austria, 4,000 from Wales, 3,908 from France, 1,965 from Belgium, 1,556 from Spain, 507 from Luxemburg, 339 from China, 78 from Portugal, 58 from Turkey, 49 from Japan, 26 from Roumania, 21 from the British East Indies, 14 from Greece, 9 from Malta, and 495 from other countries. During the past year the Labour Bureau has found employment for 48,746 destitute immigrants. The bureau found work for 39,311 during the year 1880.

**Pawnbrokers.**—It is estimated that the pawnbrokers of the United Kingdom (4,372 in number) take in, during a single year, no fewer than two hundred millions of pledges.

**Building Societies.**—The Registrar of Building Societies has issued, in the form of a Blue Book, the return ordered by Parliament of an abstract of the accounts furnished by Building Societies incorporated to the 31st December, 1880, under the Act 37th and 38th Vic. cap. 42, sec. 40. The aggregate balance of 1,111 societies displays a total liability of £35,892,857, against which are set assets amounting to £36,950,383. The liability to holders of shares is £21,813,095, and to depositors and other creditors £14,079,762. The assets are made up of £34,847,320 due on mortgage securities, and "other assets" amount to £2,103,063. To these figures must be added among the

liabilities a balance of "unappropriated profit in 903 societies"—namely, £1,104,735—and among the assets a "balance deficient in 167 societies," £47,209.

**Rabbits and Fruit-trees.**—To prevent young fruit-trees from being destroyed by rabbits during the winter, feed the rabbits. These animals will never eat the bark of trees if they can get anything else to live upon. "In the fall of 1878," writes a correspondent of the "Country Gentleman," "I noticed that the rabbits were very plenty about the fields, and I became quite apprehensive for the safety of my young orchard of about one hundred apple and pear-trees, the most of which had been set out the previous spring. When the first deep snow came I put a little corn under the corn-barn, which stood on posts in one corner of the orchard. This they soon found, and numbers of them would come there every night after their rations, and as I continued to feed them, I soon found that I had quite a family of them on my hands. When we wanted a rabbit for a stew I would set a box-trap baited with a small ear of corn, and would be pretty sure of one of them in the morning. We ate about a dozen and a half of them during the winter, and as they were well fed, those we caught towards spring were fat and in excellent condition. Not one of my young fruit-trees was harmed by the rabbits that winter."—*New York Observer*.

**Chess.**—Herr H. F. L. Meyer, a well-known player and contributor of problems to the "Boy's Own Paper," has published (Griffith and Farran) "A complete Guide to the Game of Chess." Beginning with the A. B. C., or alphabet of the game, his book proceeds to the solution and construction of the easiest up to the most difficult problems. Mr. Meyer uses the international notation, and the materials of his treatise are gathered from all languages and countries, for chess is a universal game. It is a learned as well as practical treatise.

**Welsh and Irish.**—At a recent meeting of the London Welsh Auxiliary to the Bible Society, statements were made which go far to explain the different condition of the Celtic race in Wales and Ireland. Mr. Puleston, M.P., the chairman, said: The Welsh people were a loyal and liberty-loving people; and there was no object, no institution, no movement in which they took such pride, or so congratulated themselves, as in the British and Foreign Bible Society. Wherever a Welshman lived, wherever the Welsh tongue was known, wherever the English language, over the face of the earth, was spoken, there would be heard a plea on behalf of this society, and not the least amongst the pleaders would be found the men of the Principality.—The Right Rev. Dr. Griffith, Bishop of St. Asaph, who addressed the meeting in Welsh, alluded, in the first place, to the revised version of the New Testament, and stated that in this respect the Welsh were far ahead of the English scholars, translators, and commentators. The bishop referred to Dr. Williams, who translated direct from the Greek, and not from any English version. While on several minor points, his lordship remarked, they all differed, and agreed to differ, on the one principal question all were united. The bishop drew a comparison between the state of Wales and that of the Sister Isle, pointing out the loyalty which existed in the former, whilst terror reigned supreme in the latter; and, accounting for the misrule and agitation which existed in Ireland, maintained that the want of knowledge of the Bible's teachings and doctrines were the cause thereof.

**Post Office Savings Bank.**—From a return just issued it appears that the amount of deposits has increased in 1880 from £1,358,083 to £1,413,054 in 1881, and to £1,652,734 in 1882; while the depositors themselves have increased in the same period from 417,148 in 1880 to 581,137 in 1881, and to 726,669 in 1882. The amount of each deposit is much lower than before, having fallen from £3 5s. 1d. in 1880 to £2 8s. 8d. in 1881, and to £2 5s. 6d. in 1882.

**India Vernacular Press.**—It appears that there exist in the whole Bengal Presidency 111 vernacular papers, with 36,000 subscribers. Forty-five of these, with a circulation of 20,000, are published in Lower Bengal, and the remainder in the North-West Provinces, the Punjab, Central India, and Rajpootana. The largest circulation—viz., 4000 copies—is

enjoyed by a Bengali monthly paper, and the most extensively circulated paper outside Bengal proper is a Lahore bi-weekly, having 1,700 subscribers. There are six daily vernacular papers in Bengal, all published in Calcutta, and the leading one has a circulation of 700. The only daily paper outside Bengal is one published at Lucknow, with 715 subscribers. Of course the figures given as the circulation of these journals afford a very fallacious test of the true number of readers. The repeal of the Vernacular Press Act took effect from the beginning of this year, 1882.

**Dungeness Harbour of Refuge.**—The Rev. Francis Gell writes from Lydd Vicarage, Folkestone, an earnest appeal for a harbour of refuge at Dungeness, as recommended by the Duke of Wellington when he was Warden of the Cinque Ports. In the twenty-six years last past an army of the finest men in the world have been drowned on the coasts of England—18,550 men! Nearly equal to the whole number who man the British fleet have been thus destroyed by what I may term a long drawn-out catastrophe, and of these a considerable number have been lost on this south-eastern corner of the island. Let any man consult that dolorous document, the British Wreck Chart, published from statistics furnished by the Board of Trade, and he shall see what dangers environ this coast nowadays. A large part of the losses in the Downs and on the awful Goodwins would be averted if a breakwater and harbour of refuge were run out from Dungeness, behind which ships of any tonnage might lie at anchor in these terrible south-westerly gales.

**Our Bronze Coinage.**—Mr. Macgeorge, of Glasgow, pointed out a curious error in the bronze coinage, which will be remedied in future: "The figure of Britannia is on the reverse side, with her shield beside her, and the heraldic device on the shield is, or rather, ought to be, the same as that on the national flag (the Union)—that is, the English Cross of St. George, with the St. Andrew's Cross, or saltire of Scotland, placed side by side with the Irish saltire. But, strange to say, the coin bears only the English cross and that of Ireland, the Scottish cross being entirely ignored. I called the attention of the Deputy-Master of the Mint to this, and Mr. Freemantle at once took measures to have the error rectified. The chief engraver, Mr. Wyen, was instructed to make a new die, and this, I have just learnt, has now been done."

**A Musical Touch.**—The hand, apparently so simple in construction, is admirably adapted to perform the most intricate movements. Most things that the mind wills we can do with our hands, provided only that their powers be fairly developed by means of proper and equal exercise. It must, however, be admitted that we seldom give the hand a fair chance. The practice of calisthenics is well calculated to develop the strength of the arms and of the muscles generally, but the majority of uses to which we put our fingers tends rather to hinder than to help them in the acquirement of anything like equal strength or separate action. Tennis, for example, strengthens one of our wrists, but the grasp of the fingers is a collective strain upon them all. Needlework and writing exercise the first and second fingers but cramp the movement of the hand. In music, then, is it to be wondered at that hands so unequally exercised should feel stiff, or that fingers so unused to independent action should find it hard to strike fair on the piano keys? Can we reasonably marvel at the uneven performance of scales, or at the fatal weakness of the third and fourth fingers? No doubt some hands are gifted with a special aptitude for musical manipulation; but such cases are rare, and we may be quite sure that the fault lies, not in our own hands, but in our own neglect to give them proper practice. The mastery over mechanical difficulties is the first requisite of a satisfactory performance, and such difficulties will disappear only before a diligent finger practice. A free and equable action of the fingers is the sole condition of a precise and fluent touch.—*Hand Exercises, by L. Dichey. (Weekes.)*

**Fog, Vapour, and Barometric Readings.**—In the early weeks of this year there was a long spell of high barometric pressure, accompanied by much fog, as is usual at the season. For instance, on the night of the 23rd January a fall of temperature caused a precipitation of moisture sufficient to cause a thick mist, easily converted by the smoke of the morning

household and factory fires into a more than ordinary London fog. Mr. T. B. Lightfoot, C.E., in a letter to the newspapers, gave explanation of the damp and discomfort of these foggy days. "On an area of one square mile, and with a stratum of only twenty feet in thickness, under the conditions which have lately prevailed, a reduction in temperature of 5 deg. is sufficient to cause a condensation and consequent precipitation as mist of no less than nineteen tons of watery vapour previously invisible, and at the present moment this large mass of water is floating in the air in every such volume so effected. In this change of state the heat required to keep the water in the form of vapour has been given off and imparted to the cooling agent, the air, and for the one-mile area, twenty feet thick, this heat is in amount enough to raise 28,592 gallons, or 128 tons of water, from 60 deg. Fahrenheit to boiling-point. The enormous cooling action at work therefore becomes apparent, for not only has all this heat disappeared as far as our senses are concerned, but the actual reduction in temperature of 5 deg. as shown by our thermometers has been brought about."

**Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association.**—The Duke of Edinburgh, in presiding at the annual dinner in behalf of this institution, pleaded earnestly its cause. "I doubt," said his royal highness, "if anywhere a more hard-working, sober, and honest class of men will be met with, and this, whilst enduring hardship from wet and overwork, as well as being exposed to great temptations. I should not omit at the same time to mention how almost invariably civil and obliging they are. The number of cabs in London in 1871 was 7,818, the drivers numbering 10,043; in 1881 there were 9,652 cabs, with 12,630 drivers. It is remarkable that the hansom cabs have gradually increased, whilst the four-wheel cabs have considerably decreased in numbers. In 1871 the hansom cabs numbered 3,295 and the four-wheelers 4,523, whilst in 1881 the hansom cabs were 5,805 and the four-wheelers were 3,847, showing an increase on the one of 2,510 and a decrease on the other of 676. Of the 9,652 cabs, about 2,000 are the property of cabdrivers who are owners of not less than three cabs, the remainder being owned by the large cabmasters and a few companies. The number of licensed cabmen is about 3,000 in excess of the number of cabs, and they are termed odd men, and take the cabs out when the regular drivers are absent. I have here shown from what a large class—namely, 16,000 men—this association has been formed. The number of articles left by fares last year in the cabs was upwards of 17,600, and these were all deposited by the drivers in Scotland Yard, and the total number of articles in the twelve years from 1869 to 1881 which were thus deposited was more than 165,000. In some cases property of very considerable value has been thus restored to owners, such as a bag containing £100 in silver, another with £1,500 worth of jewellery, a third with £186 in notes and gold, and a fourth with £100 of bank-notes. All these cases occurred within the past year. Passing over about 5,000 umbrellas and parasols, there were also every description of wearing apparel and portable luggage. Some of the most extraordinary things have been left, such as birds in cages, cats tied up in hampers, a mongoose from India, and a live snake most carefully packed up in a box. I am sure it is most gratifying to be informed that these pets have been almost invariably claimed by their owners. The average of articles deposited in Scotland Yard for the last five years has been 15,813, and their value is estimated at £20,000 a year. The drivers have in every instance been rewarded in proportion to the value of the property which they have restored. The affairs of this association are controlled by a committee of twenty-four persons, of whom twenty are cabmen. It was first decided to form a pension fund, to which all drivers were earnestly invited to subscribe. About 1,000 now belong to the association, and of these none have ever been summoned for any serious offence either by the police or by the public. It was not until the year 1873 that the public were asked to give their support to the society, and from these two sources a capital has been formed, which is chiefly invested in English Three per Cents., and which amounts now to £6,000. Besides this, £1,150 has been granted in annuities, and there are now eighteen annuitants on the books of the society, receiving in monthly payments pensions of from £16 to £18 per annum. The ages of the annuitants at present vary from fifty to eighty-three. One is aged



eighty-two, and was formerly stud-groom to the Marquis of Anglesey, and was present as a non-combatant at the battle of Waterloo. Another, aged eighty, was a sailor in the Honourable East India Company's service in the first Burmese War in 1829. There is another most useful way in which this society assists men. More than £1,100 has been given in loans to members in small sums, but which have nevertheless been of the greatest benefit to the applicants in enabling them to meet their engagements, and in preventing them from being pauperised or embarrassed. These loans are invariably punctually repaid, the great principle of the society being that the borrower shall obtain a surety from the class to which he belongs, who is also a member of the association. In exceptional cases of distress gifts are made, after careful inquiries, and between £200 and £300 have in this way been granted to cabmen and their widows."

**French and Scotch Benevolence.**—Referring to the great lottery in Paris for the sufferers in Algiers, the manager of a Scottish charity says:—"Three years ago a great effort was made by some philanthropic but mistaken sympathisers with the sufferers by the City of Glasgow Bank failure, to get the Government to allow a lottery for their benefit. That effort was strenuously and successfully opposed by citizens who dreaded the evils inseparable from any countenance to such monstrous gambling. But at the same time a noble subscription was entered into by Scotsmen, not only in their native country, but in England and in different parts of the world, in behalf of the unfortunate victims. It is rather a remarkable coincidence that on the same day as the prizes were being drawn in the French lottery the committee of the Scotch Bank Relief Fund were presenting an account of their stewardship. That account, which I have the pleasure to hand herewith, shows subscriptions to the amount of £389,916, of which £379,670 has been paid in, the balance being in course of realisation. The expenses of management for the three years have been £3,796, curiously enough exactly one per cent. on the amount handled. What a contrast to the expenses of a lottery, without saying a word as to the demoralising consequences. The whole balance, with current interest, has been available for the sufferers."

**Fletching, near Uckfield, Sussex.**—Scattered over England are hundreds of ancient parish churches full of interest from historical associations as well as from antiquarian and architectural features. One of these was lately brought to public notice on being re-opened, after restoration by Mr. Scott, at the expense of the patron, the Earl of Sheffield. Fletching Church must originally have been a large and handsome building. It is supposed to date from the eleventh century, but to have been re-built and re-modelled at the beginning or in the middle of the thirteenth. Some of the old work remains; for instance, there are distinct traces of the foundation of the north and south walls still perfect underground. The church, dedicated to St. Andrew and St. Mary, consists of a chancel, nave, north and south transepts, porch, and west tower with shingled spire rising to a height of 100 ft., the length of the building being 142 ft., and the breadth 60 ft. 4 inches. But apart from the church, Fletching has historic interest. On Fletching Common the Barons under Simon de Montfort encamped the night before the famous battle of Lewes, in 1264, when the Bishop of Worcester spent the night in confessing and shriving the soldiers, not forgetting to urge them to stout acts on the morrow. It was in Sheffield Park (still famous for its fine trees) that those two oaks were felled in 1771, each of which contained 23 loads of timber, and each of which took 24 horses to drag them, at the rate of four and a half miles a day, to Landport, near Lewes; whence floated down the Ouse to Newhaven, they were with incredible labour embarked from the Royal Dockyard at Chatham. It was at Sheffield House the historical Gibbon visited so often his friend and patron Mr. John Baker Holroyd, afterwards Lord Sheffield, and subsequently Earl of Sheffield. The name Fletching has been the subject of antiquarian research; it has been spelt Flexnerge, Flescings (thus in "Domesday Record"), Flesang, Flescunge, and Fleecchyng.

**Canine Instinct.**—A correspondent of the "Times" writes: "On the 29th of November last I left my residence in Hampshire, near Southampton, and went by rail from Bishopstoke Station to London, and thence to Norwood,

taking with me a black collie, who travelled in the guard's van. On the morning of Tuesday, December 6th, the dog disappeared, and on the evening of Thursday, December 8th, I received a letter from my servant at home saying that the dog had arrived there on the morning of that day, very footsore and weary. The distance from Norwood cannot be far short of eighty miles, and the road was absolutely unknown to him."

**Lightning-Conductors.**—The Council of the Meteorological Society, in conjunction with a Committee of Architects and Engineers, have issued a Report, which states clearly the purposes which a lightning-rod is intended to fulfil—namely, first, to facilitate the discharge of electricity to the earth, so as to carry it off harmlessly; secondly, to prevent disruptive discharge by silently neutralising the conditions which determine such discharge in the neighbourhood of the conductor. The Report says: "To effect the first object, a lightning-conductor should offer a line of discharge more nearly perfect, and more accessible, than any other offered by the materials or contents of the building we wish to protect. To effect the second object, the conductor should be surmounted by a point or points. Fine points and flames have the property of slowly and silently dissipating the electrical charges; they, in fact, act as safety-valves. If all these conditions be fulfilled, if the points be high enough to be the most salient features of the building—no matter from what direction the storm-cloud may come—be of ample dimensions, and in thoroughly perfect electrical connection with the earth, the edifice, with all that it contains, will be safe, and the conductor might even be surrounded by gunpowder in the heaviest storm without risk or danger. All accidents may be said to be due to a neglect of these simple elementary principles. The most frequent sources of failure are conductors deficient either in number, height, or conductivity, bad joints, or bad earth connections. There is no authentic case on record where a properly-constructed conductor failed to do its duty."

**The Newspapers of the World.**—An American publication, Mr. H. P. Hubbard's "Newspaper and Bank Directory of the World," states that there are published 34,274 newspapers and periodicals, with a circulation of (in round numbers) 116,000,000 copies, the annual aggregate circulation reaching 10,592,000,000 copies, or about six and one-half papers per year to each inhabitant of the globe. Europe leads with 19,557, and North America follows with 12,400. Asia has 775, South America 699, Australasia 661, and Africa 132. Of these journals, 16,500 are printed in the English language, 7,800 in German, 3,850 in French, and over 1,600 in Spanish. There are 4,020 daily newspapers, 18,274 tri-weeklies and weeklies, and 8,508 issued less frequently. It appears that while the annual aggregate circulation of publications in the United States is 2,600,000,000, that of Great Britain and Ireland is 2,260,000,000.

**University Boat Race. Who Row?**—The general impression is that the crews consist of resident undergraduates; but this is not strictly correct. Among the oarsmen may be graduates, provided they were undergraduates at the date of the previous year's race. On the other hand, members of boat clubs who have left their University without taking a degree are ineligible if they have retired more than a year before the race. It appears, therefore, that the crews are not necessarily either residents or undergraduates. There is no written statute, but by honourable usage the above conditions are observed. The different system as to date of examinations and degrees is said to give advantage to Oxford, in allowing men of older standing to be in the Dark Blue boat. This is unavoidable, but the contest would be more satisfactory to the outside public if it were known to be between resident undergraduates only. The weights of the oarsmen are always accurately given. We should like to see the ages given with equal accuracy, and the period of residence and time of membership in their club. It is scarcely a fair contest if one boat happens to have a larger proportion of veteran oarsmen than the other. These considerations will not affect the multitude who merely enjoy the excitement and fun of a race, but they may be taken into account in moderating our feelings concerning the victors or the vanquished.

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